

From the Eclectic Review.

*Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries, including numerous original Letters, chiefly from Strawberry Hill.* Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq., Author of "The Crescent and the Cross," &c., &c. In Two Volumes. London: Colburn. 1851.

THE character of Horace Walpole combined several elements rarely found together. He had talents, industry, sagacity, and in some sense taste; yet thought, said, and did the silliest things, was indolent and effeminate, pronounced the most ridiculous judgments on men and books, and sinned in every way against the laws of propriety. Living, no one loved him; and dead, it is impossible to respect his memory. Yet we read and are amused by his works, admire the acuteness of his observations on men and things, delight in remembering his anecdotes, and, while we sometimes shrink from the coarseness of his ideas, are often forced to confess that he knew how to appreciate delicacy of sentiment, and that he occasionally makes touching appeals to our noblest sympathies.

More, perhaps, than any other writer, he represents the cynicism and frivolity discoverable in the character of the eighteenth century. Seldom in any period of the world's history has society been more licentious or corrupt. There was no fixity of opinion, no reliance on principle, no attachment to country or creed, no reverence for the past, no hope or confidence in the future. In morals, religion, and politics, each influential individual might be regarded as an Ishmaelite, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. In other words, selfishness was the spirit of the age, and this may be said to have been condensed and incarnated in Horace Walpole. At times, no doubt, he appears to escape from the influence of this ethical incubus, which pressed habitually with all its weight upon his mind, and squeezed out of it every generous feeling. But upon further investigation we shall find that this is appearance only, since the acts for which we are most inclined to give him credit were, in truth, only so many instances of profound self-consideration disguised in the costume and aping the gait of some imposing virtue.

Still it must be owned that selfishness in Horace Walpole was frequently so moulded by philosophical reflection, that it produced much the same results as would have flowed from the moral qualities whose semblance it put on. This seems to have so far blinded some of his contemporaries, that they gave him credit for habits of mind entirely foreign to his nature. For example, when, in a fit of apparent enthusiasm, he made an offer of six thousand pounds to his cousin, General Conway, in order to make amends to him for the public employments he had lost, those acquainted with the mere historical transaction might have supposed him to be actuated by pure motives of friendship, but an attentive examination of subsequent events altogether destroys this idea. Being extremely cool and calculating, he foresaw the future elevation of Conway, and he

believed he could not advance his own fortunes better than by laying him under a great obligation.

Horace Walpole, however, like Moliere's Harpagon, was one of those persons who pick their own pockets. He loved and cultivated humbug so much, that he often overreached himself. Wishing to inspire Conway with a lofty idea of his virtue, he dwelt so much in his letters to him on his disinterestedness, on his aversion for public business, on his love of ease, in short, on his absolute indifference to everything in the world and of it, that the honest politician at length believed him, and, therefore, when he came afterwards to organize his administration, never thought of including in it the philosopher of Strawberry Hill. The truth then came out—the lordly sophist, who professed to be in the possession of Pyrrho's perfect *ataraxia*, was at once transported beyond himself by indignation, and overflowed to his numerous correspondents with epistolary reproaches against the man who had been simple enough to take him at his word. He expected, he said, to have been offered some considerable employment, which, he is careful to add, he would have rejected. It does not appear to have occurred to him that the business of a great nation ought not to be degraded to the purposes of personal compliment. Besides, General Conway was probably the only man in the kingdom who believed in Horace Walpole's sincerity. If even he did not, may we not discover in that circumstance the reason why he offered him no considerable employment, as he would have calculated on his accepting it, which, taking into account the habits and temper of a man, would have been fatal to his cabinet?

Again, in his reconciliation with the poet Gray, we seem to discover symptoms of a generous self-condemnation. He had injured, he had insulted his friend, he had taken advantage of his own wealth and of that friend's poverty to impart additional keenness to the insult. He had abandoned him heartlessly in a distant country, and left him to fight his way home how he could. After all this, however, he had the courage, on observing the harbingers of Gray's celebrity, to make advances to him, to give a full and frank acknowledgment of his fault, and to live with him on terms of amicable intercourse. Had we discussed this matter privately with Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, we should have been apprehensive of awakening a cynical feeling in the depths of his mind, if we regarded the transaction of which we have been speaking as anything more than the result of prudent calculation. Gray, as a poet, was one of the ministers of fame; and Horace Walpole, being an accomplished courtier, could not possibly think of maintaining inimical relations with one so situated. If this conduct originated in nobler motives, he has no one but himself to blame for the inclination we experience to put a bad construction on the proceeding. He was in the habit of discovering in all men symptoms of littleness and selfishness, and has, therefore, no reason to complain if others return him the compliment.

Let it not, however, be supposed that Horace Walpole was without excuse for the worldly system of philosophy he adopted. His mind only reflected

the lights which were gleaming and flashing all around him. Most of his contemporaries were sophists, impatient of profound study, but smitten with an unappeasable passion for notoriety; coveting the reputation for wisdom, but still more desirous of reconciling it with sensual pleasures; eager to overreach others, yet infinitely more anxious to escape being overreached in their turn. It is only reasonable to imagine that in such a state of things men could not be very scrupulous about the instruments they made use of to accomplish their ends. The world's stage did not exhibit a company of fierce combatants struggling rudely for lead and precedence. They who displayed their talents upon it were indeed gladiators, but they fought with masked weapons, and never seemed to be animated by the desire of overthrowing each other. They sported—they laughed—they amused—they flattered, and, when the proper moment arrived, removed gently from his pedestal the rival against whom they had all along been contending. If he appeared to possess the slightest chance of regaining his position, they were even then careful not to offend him beyond forgiveness; but if his ruin seemed complete, if the world appeared resolved to place its foot upon him forever, his lively and smiling antagonists at once displayed the scowl of immitigable hatred, and plunged their weapons into him without mercy or remorse.

A startling illustration of this truth is supplied by Horace Walpole's conduct towards Jean Jacques Rousseau, the true character and significance of whose writings would appear to be as little known to the author of Horace Walpole's Memoirs as to Horace Walpole himself. It is not, of course, a question with the present age whether the philosopher of Geneva had great faults or not. We know he had. We are perfectly aware that breathing the pestilential atmosphere of the eighteenth century, he had received the venomous infection into his moral system, and was, to a great extent, corrupted and depraved. What it is really interesting for us to discover is, whether, in spite of all this, he did or did not accomplish more for the enlightenment and the intellectual emancipation of his contemporaries than any other man. Time has winnowed his theories, and separated long ago the grain from the chaff, but it still seems to be the pleasure of many to amuse themselves with casting about the latter, while they leave the former piled up in golden mounds, to be carried home and treasured up in their hearts by those who still await the coming of a social liberator.

In whatever way this may be decided, the attack made on Rousseau by the Lord of Strawberry Hill was as unfeeling as it was unprovoked. The French government had just then driven the philosopher into exile, had proscribed his writings, and, as far as it lay, condemned him to all the evils of friendlessness and poverty in a strange land. A man of generous character, however much he might have differed from him in politics or philosophy, would, for the moment, have laid aside all recollection of these differences, and, from motives derived from the grounds of our common humanity, would have sympathized with if he could not aid him. But what did Horace Walpole do? Mimicking the pedantic and concealed style of Frederic of Prussia, and assuming his name, he wrote, in the form of a letter, a bitter attack on the exiled philosopher, intended to overwhelm him with contempt, and thus to deprive him of the assistance which commiseration for his sufferings might other-

wise have inclined men to afford him. Of course he could not, in a city like Paris, be allowed to accomplish his disreputable work alone. He showed his production to all the enemies of Jean Jacques, and every one of them seems to have added fresh pungency to the libel. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Horace Walpole could have written the letter himself. He was fully competent to furnish the malice, but not the wit, at least in French, by which it was rendered more palatable to the courtiers of Louis XV., and all the inferior litterateurs who felt themselves dwarfed and thrown completely into the shade by the genius of Rousseau. They could not foresee that when they and their writings should be forgotten, the author of the "Contrat Social" would still be so popular in France, that twenty-four thousand five hundred copies of his whole works should on an average be sold every five years.

Voltaire was much better qualified to command admiration from Horace Walpole. Yet at the outset our countryman had the courage rather to imitate his example than to join in the servile adulations which all Europe consented to pay to the philosopher of Ferney. This writer, it is well known, had attacked Shakspeare with ignorance and indecency, and Horace Walpole had returned him the compliment in a manner equally unbecoming. He selected the most vulnerable points of his literary character, and, by an extravagant though skilful travestie, imparted an air of grotesque comicality to what was meant to be a picture of the deepest tragic passion. Since that time the trick has been played off so frequently that it now no longer excites surprise, though it can never cease to be regarded as an unfair and unmanly style of criticism. Some years afterwards, Voltaire read the historical doubts on the character of Richard the Third, with some other of Horace Walpole's writings, and in that courteous and polished manner, for which he was at all times remarkable, complimented and flattered their author. It would have been too much to expect our countryman to exhibit indifference on such an occasion. When genius condescends to praise the productions of inferior talent, it is not in the nature of things that the latter should be insensible to the distinction. Horace Walpole, however, surrendered his whole mind at once, so that had Voltaire thought it worth while to enlist him among his perpetual bodyguards he might easily have done so at the expense of a few well-turned compliments. But the great sophist had conquests of far superior importance to achieve, and, satisfied with having numbered the English wit and lordling among his worshippers, passed on in his luminous orbit to think of him no more.

It is impossible entirely to explain the celebrity of any man by a reference to his wealth, position, or connexions, though he often owes very much to these, as the slightest acquaintance with the history of literature will suffice to show. A rich and influential man's nonsense will for a time obtain readers, while wisdom and learning proceeding from a poor man are slowly and reluctantly received. In most cases, however, time does justice in these matters, by establishing the claims of true genius while it withers and casts into utter oblivion the memory of the opulent or titled pretender. Still it is painful to observe with what eagerness the world salutes the appearance of an aristocratic author, how it exaggerates his merits, how it applauds his wit, how it stoops to pick up the

smallest crumbs that fall from his table. This was preëminently the case in the eighteenth century, when hosts of grantees, laboriously mimicking literary men, while they affected to despise them, poured forth volumes without end, knowing well that a reputation for superior knowledge or abilities is sure to eclipse and outlast that which is in the power of riches or worldly distinction to bestow.

Horace Walpole was greatly indebted, at the outset, to his rank and means, for the credit he enjoyed in the world. He collected about him the distributors of fame; he entertained, he flattered them; he made a dexterous use of his father's great name; he laid his friends and relatives under contribution; he courted the friendship of wits and antiquaries, of beaux and libertines, of women of fashion, of easy virtue, and no virtue at all; he built a gothic castle, and made a show of it; he set up a private printing-press; he reproduced the writings of grantees, and authors of scandalous memoirs; he patronized artists and virtuosos, and condescended to become the retailer of the trivialities and nothings of society, for the entertainment of a host of fashionable, idle, and ambitious correspondents.

Yet it must not be pretended that he altogether owed to these circumstances his reputation as an author. They facilitated the reception and distribution of his writings; but if these had not possessed a real value, they would have been soon forgotten. Fashion and flattery seldom survive the age that produced them. But Horace Walpole is in some sense still popular—that is, among certain classes of readers, for his works do not as yet form a part of that great body of literature which supplies intellectual nourishment to the masses. If he be still a favorite, it is with the literary, the dilettanti, the semi-antiquarians, the political gossip-hunters, the lovers of anecdote, the retailers of smart things in society. His "Mysterious Mother," though full of ability, does not keep possession of the stage; his "Castle of Otranto" scarcely maintains its ground in circulating libraries; his "Fugitive Poetry" has made unto itself wings, and fled away into irretrievable oblivion. His "Historic Doubts" have long been numbered among the curiosities of literature; but they who study the small politics, the court ethics, the arts, the biography, or the scandal of the last century, delight in his letters, his reminiscences, and his historical fragments.

One of the peculiarities of Horace Walpole was the strange affectation of which he was guilty in his political profession of faith. Though the son of a prime minister, who exercised with a strong hand the powers of a constitutional monarch, he professed from the outset to be a republican, and sometimes indulged in fierce satire against the regal system prevalent throughout Europe. In this, perhaps, he only yielded to the spirit of the age. The whole civilized world was then immersed in that strange moral atmosphere which preceded the French Revolution, and appeared to carry its principles into all places, high and low, producing at times the strangest combinations between courtly and aristocratic manners and the opinions of the Athenian *agora*. Let the reader consider the import and temper of the following verses, and ask himself whether anything fiercer could be expected from a Chartist poet of the present day:—

The greatest curses any age has known  
Have issued from the temple or the throne.

Extent of ill from kings at first begins,  
But priests must aid and consecrate their sins.  
The tortured subject might be heard complain,  
When sinking under a new weight of chain,  
Or, more rebellious, might perhaps repine,  
When taxed to dower a titled concubine:  
But the priest christens all a right divine.  
When at the altar a new monarch kneels,  
What conjured awe upon the people steals!  
The chosen He adores the precious oil,  
Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while  
The priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,  
Sucks in the sacred grease at every pore;  
He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,  
And feels divinity transferred within.  
The trembling vulgar dread the royal nod,  
And worship God's anointed more than God.  
Such sanction gives the prelate to such kings,  
So mischief from those hallowed fountains springs.  
But bend your eye to yonder harassed plains,  
Where king and priest in one united reigns.  
See fair Italia mourn her holy state,  
And droop, oppressed, beneath a Papal weight;  
Where fit celibacy usurps the soil,  
And sacred sloth consumes the peasant's toil;  
The holy drones monopolize the sky,  
And plunder by a vow of poverty;  
The Christian cause their lewd professions taints,  
Unlearned, unchaste, uncharitable saints.

Vol. i., p. 277, *et seq.*

Every one knows in what style the war was carried on in France by the people against the court during the early part of the eighteenth century. The powers of wit and ridicule, of satire, banter, and caricature, were called in to do the work of eloquence and political logic. Voltaire used to remark, that he cared not who had the logicians provided he had the laughers on his side. And the practice is not quite abandoned yet, though we have since become far more in earnest, and place more reliance on justice, truth, and sound principles, than on the light artillery of the fancy and imagination. England, however, at that period borrowed from the continent still more than she lent to it. Our literature was almost a reflection of that of France, and the desperate endeavor to rival their Gallie models is visible in nearly all the English writers of that age. The most serious things were treated humorously; and, whenever party feeling appeared to justify it, even death itself was turned into a joke. Thus, on the decease of Frederick, Prince of Wales, a sort of epitaph was composed upon him which the democratic wits of the period would seem to have enjoyed infinitely:—

Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead.  
If it had been his father  
I had much rather;  
Had it been his brother,  
Much better than another;  
Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her;  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Still better for the nation;  
But since 't is only Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead—  
There is no more to be said.

Vol. i., p. 266, *et seq.*

Nothing, however, is more difficult than for the people of one generation to relish the wit of their predecessors; for if there be a sort of geography in the productions of the mind, that is to say, if there be any law which determines the springing up of

particular forms of thought in particular regions, there is also what might be called a chronology in the same matters, or, in other words, a law regulating the succession of ideas and inventions somewhat analogous to that which regulates the succession of fruits and flowers in the different seasons of the year. For this reason, we may not be greatly surprised at observing that our ancestors rated very highly sallies of wit and humor which appear little remarkable to us, if we do not absolutely regard them as trivial and commonplace. Pope observes of one of his contemporaries:—

The wit is lost unless you print his face !

and it often happens that what might be termed the ating of a *bon-mot* or repartee, is lent to it by the circumstances in the midst of which it arises. It must be suited to times, persons, and places, and bear some analogy to the general stratum of ideas overlying, if we may so express ourselves, the intellectual surface of society. Apart from all considerations of this kind, there is very little wit even in the writings of the greatest masters. Those brilliant combinations of ideas on which mankind have agreed to bestow this name, are rarely so independent of accidental relations, as to challenge the admiration of all ages. Much of that quality which enabled Aristophanes to convulse and intoxicate the Athenian *demos*, is entirely lost for us, or discoverable only through researches which make us pay dear for our whistle. Rabelais' wit is likewise in great part obsolete ; and Butler, inferior to no writer in this respect, now often requires a commentator and a glossary to render him intelligible. Swift and Molière already stand in the same predicament ; and it is, consequently, not at all surprising that, when we attempt to appreciate the wit or humor of Walpole's contemporaries, we should often be tempted to pronounce both insipid.

Among the persons who flourished beside the lord of Strawberry Hill, there was one for whose talents, because they were in his own way, he evidently felt great admiration. This was George Selwyn, who, known to everybody in those times, is among the obscurest of the obscure in ours. His life, nevertheless, may be studied by some persons with advantage. He was a striking example of that class of individuals who obtain notoriety—it would be ridiculous to call it reputation—by producing frequent paroxysms of surprise and pleasure among their contemporaries. Like a true master of his art, he devoted an infinite amount of time and pains to produce the effects he aimed at. Selwyn seems to have been enough of a philosopher to know that what is said is of considerably less importance than who says it. He, therefore, studied odd and strange ways, affected peculiar tastes, and clung with untiring pertinacity to singular habits, which by degrees commanded attention. Possessing the basis which the Syracusan mechanician wanted, he was enabled to move the moral world—as much, we mean, as suited his purpose ; he was wealthy, he had position, and in an age of infidelity contrived to render himself remarkable by the unbounded impiety of his opinions.

Among the affectations of this man was a fondness to be present at executions, and a preference for the society of little children. He had probably reflected deeply on the whole circle of social tastes, and selected for cultivation two which he regarded as most completely the antipodes of each other, reckoning, with the utmost confidence, upon producing by these means a powerful effect on those around

him. Executions were then of every-day occurrence, and, as he managed the matter, his name came invariably to be associated with them in the public mind. Again, there were little children in most families, and, by dint of the incessant gossip of his friends, the mention of them invariably suggested the name of George Selwyn. Had he been poor, this would of course have been impossible, but, making a judicious use of his wealth, if it be judicious to gratify vanity, he lavished presents on the Liliputian population of great houses, and, as Howard became the protector of the criminal and the oppressed, so Selwyn was elevated into the patron of the pampered little minions of fortune.

All this implied, of course, the possession of considerable ability ; and, as his was of a quick, sparkling, and animated kind, the careful use and application of it soon ensured to him the reputation of a wit. He contrived, however, to mix up his *bon-mots* with his sepulchral partialities, and found in Horace Walpole a sort of Boswell, who treasured up his remarks and his oddities for the benefit of posterity. We can afford little space for extract, but shall make room for one or two passages, as they may assist in enabling the reader to estimate three persons at once—the author of the *Memoirs*, Horace Walpole, and George Selwyn.

I told that story (an anecdote of the Craggs and Arthur More) to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses and executions ; he replied, “ that Arthur More had his coffin chained to that of his mistress ! ” Lord, said I, how do you know that ? “ Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles’ ”

Selwyn appears to have passed a good deal of his time in inspecting vaults and cemeteries ; and was as well known to the sextons of the churches he honored with his visits as was “ Old Mortality ” to the custodians of the grave-yards in which he pursued his strange vocation. Walpole goes on to say :—“ He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs. ‘ Oh ! your servant, Mr. Selwyn, ’ (exclaimed the man,) ‘ I expected to have had you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond’s body was taken up. ’ ”

These sepulchral visits furnished him with information which often surprised more than it entertained those who, it might be thought, were most interested in it. On one occasion he was inspecting the mansion at Cornbury, in company with Mrs. Frere and Lord Abergavenny, who were supposed to entertain a warm regard for each other. The lady was rather flighty and restless, hurrying from one place to another, till Selwyn, with a very grave air, called her back, complaining of her not letting him see anything. “ And you are a fool, ” he added, somewhat ungallantly, “ you don’t know what you have missed in the other room. ”

“ Why, what ? ” she inquired, eagerly.

“ Why, my Lord Holland’s picture. ”

“ Well, what is my Lord Holland to me ? ” she asked, with some impatience.

“ Why, do you know, ” said he, “ that my Lord Holland’s body lies in the same vault in Kensington Church with my Lord Abergavenny’s mother ? ” We can imagine the astonishment of the lady at receiving such unexpected intelligence. “ Lord, ” adds Horace Walpole, after relating the anecdote, “ she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times. ”—Vol. ii., p. 95, *et seq.*

Another anecdote is told of this person, which may be said to prove that his horrid appetite grew



by what it fed on. Nothing in the history of France is more disgraceful than the diabolical punishment inflicted on Damien, for his attempt to assassinate Louis XV., and to witness this excess of infernal complaisance, Selwyn took a journey to Paris, where he had the honor to be mistaken for an executioner:—

Everything being previously prepared, and the day arrived, George took his stand, dressed in a plain brown bob-wig, and as plain a suit of broad-cloth, an undress he generally wore, and which, at that time of day, evidently pointed him out as an English *bourgeois*. The horrid ceremony commenced, when Mr. Selwyn, from his dress and the sympathy which he showed upon this occasion, so attracted the notice of a French nobleman, that, coming round to him on the scaffold, and slapping him on the shoulders, he exclaimed, "Eh! bien, Monsieur Anglais, êtes-vous arrivé pour voir ce spectacle?" "Oui, monsieur." "Vous êtes bourreau?" "Non, non, monsieur, je n'ai pas cette honneur, je ne suis qu'un amateur."—Vol. ii., p. 97, note.

It was in connection with this lugubrious subject that Selwyn uttered one of his best *bon-mots*, indeed the only one that argues much wit. Being somewhere in company with the greatest of our modern orators, soon after one Charles Fox had been hung at Tyburn, "his illustrious namesake quizzingly asked Selwyn whether he had been to witness it, covertly alluding to the strange passion for such sights he was known to possess; when Selwyn retorted, 'No, I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals.'"—Vol. ii., p. 99.

Another anecdote of a very different kind, but illustrating the morals and manners of our immediate ancestors, may be introduced here. Most persons are more or less acquainted with the old Duke of Queensbury, who, in an extremely profligate age, occupied a bad eminence for excess of libertinism. This must be borne in mind in order to understand the point of the following passage from Wraxall's "Historical Memoirs:"—

Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed his aim. It is a fact, that when he lay dying in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy, mostly indeed addressed to him by females of every description, and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable, from his attenuated state, to open or to peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired.—Vol. ii., p. 103.

During a considerable portion of his life, this George Selwyn, the wit and amateur executioner, was a sort of Magnus Apollo to Horace Walpole, who, aiming at being thought to possess extreme critical acumen, was yet one of the easiest men living to be made a dupe of. Poor Chatterton, the marvellous boy, unfortunately formed the design of hoaxing the Lord of Strawberry Hill, and completely succeeded, which, when his manufacture of ancient papers had been detected by others, was resented with the most heartless cruelty. It is not difficult for a man of benevolent character to contemplate Chatterton from the right point of view—young, ignorant, ambitious, with genius enough to manufacture a hundred Walpoles, but betrayed by his position into the belief that no moral turpitude attached to the fabrication of ancient poetry.

In this, as in all other cases, we must look at the actuating motives, and in Chatterton they were the pride of ingenuity and the love of fame operating in a peculiar way. Horace Walpole had indulged in precisely the same sort of imposture when he first published the "Castle of Otranto;" and even Montesquieu and many other less illustrious authors, have indulged in the same harmless trick. But Walpole had been outdone by Chatterton, and was vindictive precisely in proportion to the sorriest of the figure he cut.

Another hoax was practised upon him by Lord Bute, but in this instance unintentionally. Aware of his pursuits and studies, that nobleman wrote to him, and suggested the undertaking of a work on the Manners and Customs of the English, something after the manner of Montfaucon's production, entitled, "Monumens de la Monarchie Française." Our antiquary immediately took it into his head that the suggestion came from George III., and it would be difficult to describe the flutter of vanity into which this mistake threw him. Fond as he was of money, it can scarcely be doubted he would have half ruined himself in accomplishing the design, had it really turned out to have proceeded from the king. He immediately put on paper the first conception of the work, and waited patiently for further commands from court, but, as none came, he conjectured that the hint had been thrown out at random by the minister, and indignantly dropped all further reference to it.

The rage for letter-writing, which commenced at the court of Louis Quatorze, where Madame de Sevigné may be said to have taken the lead in it, then pervaded all Christendom, where everybody who could wield a pen was daily employed in relating to everybody what everybody did or said. This epistolary fury sometimes led to the production of extremely elegant and admirable letters; though, excellent as they were, it would be one of the labors of Hercules to toil through them in search of anything beyond amusement. If content with that gentle exercise of the mind which the mere reading of a pleasant book supplies, we know of few departments of literature better calculated to furnish it than the letters of the eighteenth century, including those of Rousseau, Voltaire, Grimm, Lady Montague, Madame du Deffand, Horace Walpole, and his numerous friends. Deficient, perhaps, in important facts, they yet abound with aids towards a thorough understanding of the period, which is, indeed, reflected in them as in a mirror. Practice gives ease as well as confidence; and as the character of the times was in a high degree cynical, few persons were restrained by the laws of decorum from relating their experience or expressing what they thought.

Horace Walpole is preëminently remarkable in this way, so that his editors have often found, or fancied themselves to be under the necessity of expunging long passages from his remains. Such as they are, however, literature could not afford to dispense with them. His style is lively, gossiping, sometimes picturesque, generally elegant, and, though deficient in earnestness, is still interesting.

The "Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries" are ably compiled, but have the fault, common to most biographies, of going too far back, and wandering too far from their subject. We were at first doubtful whether we were reading a life of Sir Robert Walpole or of his son; and afterwards, though the whole be amusing and in general well written, we find it difficult to discover

by what principle the author's labors were directed. He might have included much more or much less in his plan with equal propriety. But, as his volumes are cleverly written, as his opinions are liberal, his views of men often just, and his criticisms honest, we recommend his *Memoirs* to all who desire to study the literature or manners of the eighteenth century.

From the Spectator.

LORD MAHON'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

THESE fifth and sixth volumes of Lord Mahon's History extend from 1763 to 1780. In foreign affairs little more than the American disputes and the war of the Revolution so far as it goes are fully told; but the partition of Poland, the discussion about the Falkland Islands, and some other matters, are glanced at in passing. Home concerns chiefly involve the miserable party, or rather factious disputes that began with the resignation of the elder Pitt, and the accession of Lord Bute to power, and hardly ended till the younger Pitt rose triumphant on the ruins of the coalition. The political subjects embraced in the volumes are the administrations of Bute, Grenville, Lord Rockingham, Lord Chatham, the Duke of Grafton, and a portion of Lord North's. The most striking events are the various prosecutions of Wilkes, with the circumstances which they produced; and the publication of the letters of Junius—whose character and identity are noticed more fully than has been customary in history. These topics are varied by a broad but general account of the material progress of the nation, by the Bridgewater canals, and the rise of the pottery and cotton trades, under Wedgewood, Arkwright, and others. There is also a general survey of art and literature, or rather of the chief literary men and artists of the period; general too, but appearing more specific, because the reader, acquainted with the originals, can better realize the criticizing of the writer.

Lord Mahon's manner partakes less of history than of commentary; the narrative is less for itself than to enable the writer to express or intimate his opinion of the things narrated. This is done diffusely, but very clearly and pleasantly; the author descending continually from what is called the dignity of history, to interweave characteristic anecdotes, and to express his personal opinions. In one point Lord Mahon rather holds too closely to the conventional style of history. The social part—the habits, condition, manners, and morals of the people, from the peasant to the merchant prince, are left out. The popular and periodical literature—which, though not so important as it is now, was still of considerable importance, and exercised considerable influence—is only touched upon incidentally. The intrigues of would-be statesmen and of corrupt political adventurers are examined and unfolded at a length by no means proportioned to their value; nor is that very corrupt age both in morals and politics, judged with a sternness proportioned to its demerits.

The period has not the attraction of novelty. Junius, Chesterfield, Walpole, Franklin—original and contemporary writers, have made the reading portion of the public more familiar with original authorities upon the subject than is the case with

perhaps any other period of history. *Memoirs* and correspondence of greater or less value, have contributed to throw light upon events, the actors, and their motives. The importance naturally attached by the Americans to the events which led to their independence has produced a large mass of American documents; while biographies, histories, and other works relating to the time, have been numerous on both sides of the Atlantic. Many of these publications are not of a popular character, but their pith has been given to the public in various forms, in periodicals and reviews, often with additional knowledge, sometimes, as in the case of Macaulay, with great brilliancy and imaginative power. From all these causes, the public attention has been as fully fixed upon the time between the accession of George the Third and the close of the American War as upon any other period of history, not even excepting the French Revolution and the wars which sprang from it.

This want of novelty in the subject itself is not redeemed by any deep or striking judgment, which should impress the reader by bringing the actors before a sterner tribunal, or by discussing any principle of government which lurked under the mass of confused politics and personal intrigue that distinguished the epoch. Nevertheless, the book is very attractive, from the clear and easy style and the pleasant manner of the writer, as well as from his habit of selecting the salient points of his topics so that the reader is continually amused if he is not instructed. He has also a further advantage in belonging to the same class as most of the leading men whose conduct he describes; and though not contemporary with the actors himself, he has been acquainted with their contemporaries. These advantages are shown in a well-bred ease almost approaching indifference, and in traits of personal knowledge of the peculiarities of individuals when he sketches their characters. This delineation is from his portrait of Lord Shelburne.

There was, however, one defect, as the public deemed it—or, as Lord Shelburne himself would have said, one misfortune—that greatly detracted from the weight of his abilities. He could never attain a reputation for sincerity. Hollow and plausible—such were the epithets bestowed on him by common report; and he was speedily nicknamed *Malagrida*, from a plotting Jesuit of the name in Portugal. Thus also his friends were sometimes designated as "*Malagrida's gang*." Even at a much later period, after his character had been so long before the public, after he had been for years the leader of a party, after he had been for months the chief of an administration, we still find the same reproach urged against him in the satirical writings of the time.† One cause (perhaps it may be deemed the only one) of this general imputation on his sincerity was the overstrained politeness of his address. As I have heard from some who knew him, he could scarcely meet with or part from any acquaintance without a profusion of highflown compliments and earnest inquiries. Such an address has never proved successful in this country. It has never been practised by the great masters of politeness among us. Lord

\* As in Wilkes' private letter to Junius, of September 12, 1771.

† Hence the speech which the *Rolliad* put into his lordship's mouth—

A noble duke affirms I like his plan:  
I never did, my lords—I never can!  
Plain words, thank Heaven, are always understood;  
I could support, I said, but not I would.

\* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. By Lord Mahon. Volumes V. and VI. Published by Murray.

Chesterfield, versed as he was in all courtly graces, did not interperse his conversation with touches of panegyric, but far rather with strokes of satire. The Duke of Marlborough, whose charm of manner has been celebrated as one element of his invariable success, of whom it was said that he gained hearts not less readily than towns, the Duke of Marlborough says of himself, in one of his most familiar letters, "You know I am not good at compliments."

But even in the more congenial sphere of France we may observe that Lord Shelburne's compliments were, sometimes at least, deemed fulsome and excessive. Thus, an old blind lady of eighty-two writes as follows from Paris:—"Lord Shelburne has flattered me extremely; he assures me that he shall come again next year singly and solely for the pleasure of seeing me."

What a man does well he is prone to do often, and Lord Mahon frequently introduces "characters," distinguished by nice discernment, and a thorough acquaintance with the traits of the individuals as they have come down to us. In this sketch of Lord Rockingham, the modern conservative indulges in a little depreciatory satire at the expense of the "old whigs." Perhaps the spirit of party may have prompted the introduction of the succeeding remarks on the catholicity of tories in rewarding desert, compared with the narrow sectarian bigotry of the whigs; the remarks themselves are gospel.

The accession of the Duke of Newcastle need not have caused displeasure, [to Pitt,] nor have seemed important in any eyes, except his own, if the chief of the new administration had been a man of adequate ability and vigor. Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, was at this time thirty-five years of age. His paternal name was Watson, but in the female line he was a descendant of the great Lord Strafford, and inherited the honors of Wentworth. Horse-racing was his early passion and pursuit. He afterwards became a lord of the bedchamber, and was thought perfectly well fitted for that post. When, in 1763, an idea was first entertained of appointing him to a high political office, the king expressed his surprise, "for I thought," said his majesty, "I had not two men in my bedchamber of less parts than Lord Rockingham." Indeed, everything about him bore the stamp of the tamest mediocrity, except only his estate, which was extremely large and fine. On the merits of that estate his panegyrists were frequently compelled to rely. One of them, while relating his appointment in the Annual Register, bids us recollect "his lordship's great interest in the public welfare, in quality of one of the greatest landholders in England." In the House of Lords, even as the leader of a party, he could seldom be persuaded or provoked to rise. One night, after Lord Sandwich had been plying him in vain with much ratiocination and eloquence, Lord Gower could not forbear to whisper, "Sandwich, how could you worry the poor dumb creature so?" On the other hand, Lord Rockingham had clear good sense and judgment, improved by the transaction of business. His character was without a stain, marked by probity and honor, by fidelity to his engagements, and by attachment to his friends.

Such was the man whom the whig party of 1765 selected from their ranks for their leader. Such was the man to whom they continued their allegiance in every variety of fortune during eighteen years. The selection might surprise us more were it not in some measure characteristic of that party. Since parties were formed anew, though under the old names, early in the reign of George the Third, it has been the boast of the tories that with them family and fortune have been no necessary qualities of leadership—that many an esquire of no ancient lineage, or a younger son of no broad domains, and relying on no merits

save his own, has been with joyful assent raised far above the heads of the wealthiest and proudest among them. The same boast, at least not to the same degree, could scarcely perhaps be made by their opponents. We find the whigs most frequently prefer for chiefs the *porphyro-genets*, as the Byzantines would have termed them—men born and bred in purple—the Marquis of Rockingham or the Duke of Portland, or, in our own day, Lord Althorp—men no doubt of irreproachable character, public and private, and of excellent plain sense, but still without one single ray of eloquence or spark of genius. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" have been far less sought in the selection than high-sounding titles and rich acres. Above all, it seemed to be imagined that a certain small cluster of great houses, as the original whig junta, should have the first choice of honors and employments. Can it be doubted how much, under such a system, there has been of injustice perpetrated and of pain endured? How must Burke or Sheridan have felt at their exclusion from the councils of the party which they supported and adorned; or, to come to later times, how must the heart of Sir James Mackintosh have swelled within him when, after long time and trials, he saw his party at last attain to office, when only a small nook at the India Board was assigned to that veteran friend and chief of many years, when the cabinet-door, close shut against himself, was opened wide from time to time to men who might have been his children, and who should have been his pupils—the sons or the sons-in-law, the cousins or the nephews, of the ruling families.

The efforts of George the Third to break up the power of these "ruling families" was the main-spring of much of the intrigue and much of the party confusion that prevailed during the early part of his reign, and, assisted by other circumstances, constituted the governing principle of events. From the accession of the house of Brunswick to the accession of George the Third, the whole power of the state was naturally thrown into the hands of the great whig families. They had placed the house of Brunswick on the throne; the tories were not only in opposition to the king's government, but attached to a competitor for the crown; and many of them, failing to get into place, were engaged in treasonable plots for the restoration of the Stuarts. To have admitted such a party into power, might reasonably enough have seemed like opening the citadel to the enemy, to men better informed in English habits than were the first two Georges. Government fell of necessity into the hands of the whig party; the foreign habits, unpopularity, and ignorance of the Hanoverian kings, enabled the whigs to consolidate their power, and turn themselves into a sort of hereditary oligarchy. With the accession of George the Third their advantages had passed away. The young king, as he boasted, was "born a Briton;" he had been trained to look on the whigs in a very different light from what they appeared to his grandfather and great-grandfather; real danger from the Pretender had vanished, and with it the dreams of the tory party—the bulk of whom saw, what the modern protectionists do not yet see, that they must discard their Jacobitism if they wished for any share of place. Two other causes yet more powerful were in operation. Prosperity, with its overweening conceit, had disunited the whigs, making them rather a set of cliques than even a faction; and the feudal reverence for authority which had long survived the feudal times was undermined among the people. These circumstances enabled George the Third to do in ten years (for the great family compact was perhaps really overthrown when Lord

North became prime minister, in 1770) what his obstinate firmness and ability would have failed to accomplish ten years before his accession. Lord Mahon is not of this opinion, or he has not sufficiently developed it. His work therefore wants that unity of interest which the presence of the essential principle imparts. It has the literary unity which arises from skilful treatment.

We think him mistaken, too, in his opinion on the American war. Separation, and, from the state of opinion, separation by war, was at some time or other inevitable. Home neglect and home misgovernment then, as now, but with much more excuse then, gave the colonists ample reason for discontent, far beyond a stamp-act or a tea-duty; while many of the Americans then, as now, were not scrupulous as regards either their ends or their means of obtaining them. Lord Mahon, on the other hand, holds that even after Burgoyne's surrender and the treaty of alliance between France and America, the colonies might possibly have been preserved, had Lord Chatham lived and returned to office; in our opinion, the purest of chimeras. One point in the American war Lord Mahon brings out quietly but impressively—the personal falsehood of Franklin, and the dishonesty and often the brutality of the Americans at large.

There is an appendix to each volume, containing curious illustrative documents, selected or hitherto unpublished. Among the latter class, are extracts from two memoirs, drawn up by two French officers in 1767 and 1768, relating to an invasion of Britain. They are taken from the manuscript collection of Chatham, who had contrived to get at them. Deal would seem to have been recommended by both officers as a place of disembarkation; and M. De Belville "Lieut-Colonel de Dragons," recommended an advance upon London via Tunbridge and Sevenoaks, to avoid the difficulties of crossing the Medway. De Belville's report exhibits, says Lord Mahon, "most full and detailed, and, so far as my local knowledge goes, most accurate reports, of the southern counties chiefly open to invasion." "M. Grant de Blairfindy, Colonel des Troupes Légères," does not appear to have equal strategical abilities, and he deals too much in political declamation. He estimates the force required at fifty thousand men, and shows how very easy it is to find reasons for what we want to do.

Les Anglais ont pris tous nos vaisseaux avant que de nous déclarer la dernière guerre; aller chez eux au milieu de la paix ne serait qu'user de représailles.

From the New York Com. Advertiser.

*A Fagot of French Sticks.* By SIR FRANCIS HEAD.  
New York: G. P. Putnam.

Nothing could be more opportune than the publication of this volume at a time when the sudden surprise of great events has fixed the eyes of the civilized world upon France. The observations of thinking men who have recently mingled in French society, and noted the fluctuations of the political tide, are eagerly sought for by readers in this country, more especially since the eloquence of M. Kossuth has kindled a lively and general sympathy for the cause of European liberty. Sir Francis Head's first visit to Paris took place when the city was occupied by the armies of the Holy Alliance; his second occurred in May, 1851, a little more than seven months ago, and the sketches of what he

saw and heard at the latter period are the "sticks" of which his "fagot" is composed. So spirited and instructive a description of a great city has rarely been written. Paris is drawn before the reader with more than panoramic vividness. Its police, streets, dwellings, hospitals, post-office, public gardens, palaces, markets, abattoirs, omnibuses, prisons, military schools, and a great variety of other institutions, are described, not in the dry and tedious manner so common with travellers in speaking of such matters, but in a flowing and agreeable style, giving a clear understanding of the facts, and sparkling with brilliant and suggestive reflections. There are few who will need to be informed that Sir Francis is a thorough-going Tory, and that, in this as in previous publications, he spares no opportunity to indulge in a fling at republicanism. This, however, is a humor which we, who practically experience the benefits of self-government, can afford to laugh at. One of the most entertaining features of the book is the frequent digression from one topic to another. For instance, the exclusive cemetery of the Jews in Pere la Chaise gives rise to a disquisition of several pages in hostility to the proposed admission of Jewish members in the British Parliament.

Sir Francis had many familiar interviews with Louis Napoleon, and appears to have studied his character. He says:—

From every person whose opinion was worthy of respect, I heard, during my short residence in Paris, Prince Louis Napoleon described as "honest, wise, silent, and independent." During the severe trial to which he has been subjected, he has firmly defended religion against atheism, the rights of property against plundering, order against revolutionists. His life, it has been quaintly said, is altogether internal; his words do not indicate his inspiration, his gesture does not show his audacity; his glance does not intimate his ardor; his demeanor does not reveal his resolution. All his moral nature is in a certain manner kept under by his physical nature. He thinks, and does not discuss; he decides, and does not deliberate; he acts, and does not make much movement; he pronounces, and does not assign his reasons. On the whole, I am firmly of opinion that, under a mild exterior, with gentle manners and a benevolent heart, Louis Napoleon is an honest, bold and high-minded statesman—whose object is to maintain the peace of Europe, and the real glory and honor of France.

This judgment was pronounced previous to the *coup d'état* of December, but considering Sir Francis' prejudices in favor of "the one man power," it is probable that his favorable opinion has been increased rather than diminished. Mr. Putnam has been fortunate in procuring proof-sheets of the work so early as to be able to produce it almost simultaneously with its publication in London.

LONDON RAILWAY STATISTICS.—The passenger carriages afford eleven miles of seat-room, and would accommodate 40,196 individuals, or the whole population of two such towns as Northampton. The loading surface of the goods equals eleven acres, and would convey 40,000 tons. If the tires of all the company's wheels were welded into one ring they would form a circle of seventy-two miles. To keep this rolling stock up in number and efficiency there are two establishments—one at Camden Town and one at Wolverton.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*



## REMINISCENCES OF THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

On the 15th Nov., 1851, closed the first half century of the *Evening Post*. It may not be without entertainment to our readers, and perhaps not entirely without instruction, if we now take a brief survey of its past history—in other words, if we write the Life of the *EVENING POST*.

The first number of the *Evening Post* appeared on the 16th of November, 1801, printed on a sheet a little more than a quarter of the present size of the journal. It was established by William Coleman, a barrister from Massachusetts, then in the prime of manhood, who had won the good-will of the distinguished federalists of that day—Hamilton, King, Jay, and many others, worthy by their talents and personal character to be the associates of these eminent men. They saw in Mr. Coleman a combination of qualities which seemed to fit him for the conductor of a daily political paper in those times of fervid and acrimonious controversy, and several of the most public-spirited of them furnished him the means of entering upon the undertaking.

Mr. Coleman was a man of robust make, of great appearance of physical strength, and of that temperament which some physiologists call the sanguine. He was fond of pleasure, but capable of exertion when the occasion required it, and, as he was not disinclined to controversy, the occasion often arose. His temper was generous and sincere, his manners kind and courteous; he was always ready to meet more than half way the advances of an enemy; a kind or appealing word disarmed his resentment at once, and a pitiful story, even though a little improbable, always moved his compassion. He delighted in athletic exercises before his health failed, and, while yet residing in Massachusetts, is said, in Buckingham's *Reminiscences*, to have skated in an evening from Greenfield to Northampton, a distance of twenty miles. He was naturally courageous, and, having entered into a dispute, he never sought to decline any of its consequences. His reading lay much in the lighter literature of our language, and a certain elegance of scholarship, which he had the reputation of possessing, was reckoned among his qualifications as a journalist.

The original prospectus of the *Evening Post*, though somewhat measured in its style, was well written. The editor, while avowing his attachment to the federal party, acknowledges, that "in each party are honest and virtuous men," and expresses his persuasion that the people need only to be well informed to decide public questions rightly. He seems to contemplate a wider sphere of objects than most secular newspapers of the present day, and speaks of his design "to inculcate just principles in religion," as well as in "morals and politics." Some attempt was made to carry out this intention. In one of the earlier numbers is a communication in reply to a heresy avowed by the *American Citizen*, a democratic daily paper of that time, in which it had been maintained that the soul was material, and that death was a sleep of the mind as well as of the body. Still later, in an editorial article, appeared a somewhat elaborate discussion of the design of the *Revelations* of St. John.

New York, at that time, contained a little more than sixty thousand inhabitants, and scarcely extended north of the City Hall and its Park. Be-

yond, along Broadway, were then country houses and green fields. That vast system of foreign and internal intercourse, those facilities of communication by sail, by steamers, by railways, the advertisements of which now fill column after column in our largest daily newspapers, was not then dreamed of; and the few ships and sloops soliciting freight and passengers, did not furnish advertisements enough to fill a single column in the small sheet of the *Evening Post*. Yet, the names which appear in the advertisements of its very first number indicate a certain permanence in the mercantile community. The very first advertisers in the first number of the paper, are Hoffman & Seaton. In the same sheet appear the names of N. L. & G. Griswold, names which, extending over a space of fifty years, connect the commencement of the last half of the nineteenth century, on which we have now entered, with the last half of the eighteenth. Here, too, appear the advertisements of Frederick Depeyster, of William Neilson, Richard & John Thorne, Bethune & Smith, Gouverneur & Kemble, Archibald Gracie, and John Murray. At a later period, in the first year of the paper, came in the names of Minturn & Champlin, of Aspinwall, McVicar, and Oakley.

T. & J. Swords, whose names are familiar to all readers of American publications, then had their bookstore at 99 Pearl street; J. Mesier sold books at 107 Pearl street; Brown & Stansbury, at 114 Water street; George F. Hopkins and D. Longworth, familiar names, were then following the same vocation, and J. W. Fenn was offering the *American Ladies' Pocket Book* for 1802, just published at Philadelphia, in a long and elaborate advertisement, describing the elegant engravings with which it was embellished.

Among the advertisements in the early numbers of the paper, are some which show that the domestic slave trade was then in existence in the State of New York. In one, "a young negro woman, twenty-one years of age," "capable of all kinds of work, and an excellent cook," was offered for sale, "for want of employment." A black woman, "twenty-six years of age, and a good cook," was offered for sale "on reasonable terms." The advertisers seem to have been willing to avoid publicity in this matter, for no names are given; but, in the first of these cases, the purchaser is referred to the printer, and in the other, the name of the street and number of the house at which application was to be made, were given.

In the outset, Mr. Coleman made an effort to avoid those personal controversies, which, at the time, were so common among conductors of party papers, and with which their columns were so much occupied. In the leading article of his first number, signed with his initials, he expresses his abhorrence of "personal virulence, low sarcasm, and verbal contentions with printers and editors," and his determination not to be diverted from "the line of temperate discussion." He found this resolution difficult to keep.

At that time, besides the *American Citizen*, published at New York, a democratic daily print was issued in Philadelphia, called the *Aurora*, with both of which the *Evening Post* soon found itself involved in unpleasant disputes. James Cheetham was the editor of the *American Citizen*. He is called by Bronson, conductor of the Philadelphia *United States Gazette*, in an affidavit, "an Englishman and a hatter," and appears to have been a man of coarse mind and manners, and not easily

abashed. The occasional replies to his attacks in the *Evening Post*, indicate that he kept up a pretty constant fire of small personalities. In the fourth number of the paper, the *Evening Post* answers an insinuation that a letter published in its columns was not authentic. The editor cautions "Mr. Cheetham" to beware of wantonly repeating the insinuation, protesting that he will not allow any impeachment of his veracity, and that he will not engage in a contest of abusive epithets. The editor of the *Aurora* was William Duane, a native of Ireland, whom the *Evening Post* stigmatized as a "low-bred foreigner." In all its contentions with these journals, as the organ of their party, the squabble is always with Mr. Cheetham and Mr. Duane, most commonly without any mention of their respective papers, and these men, in return, seem to have conducted the warfare in the same spirit, and to have thought that if they could but bring Mr. Coleman into personal discredit, they should have demolished the federal party.

The *Evening Post*, of the 24th of November, records the death of Philip Hamilton, eldest son of General Alexander Hamilton, in the twentieth year of his age—"murdered," says the editor, "in a duel." The practice of duelling is then denounced as a "horrid custom," the remedy for which must be "strong and pointed legislative interference," inasmuch as "fashion has placed it on a footing which nothing short of that can control." The editor himself belonged to the class with which fashion had placed it upon that footing, and was destined himself to be drawn by her power into the practice he so strongly deprecated.

The quarrel with Cheetham went on. On the next day, in a discussion occasioned by the duel in which young Hamilton fell, he mentioned Cheetham, and spoke of "the insolent vulgarity of that base wretch." At a subsequent period, the *Evening Post* went so far as, in an article reflecting severely upon Cheetham and Duane, to admit the following squib into its columns:

Lie on, Duane, lie on for pay,  
And Cheetham, lie thou too;  
More against truth you cannot say,  
Than truth can say 'gainst you.

These wranglings were continued a few years, until the *Citizen* made a personal attack upon Mr. Coleman of so outrageous a nature, that he determined to notice it in another manner. Cheetham was challenged. He was ready enough in a war of words, but he had no inclination to pursue it to such a result. The friends of the parties interfered; a sort of truce was patched up, and the *Citizen* consented to become more reserved in its future assaults.

A subsequent affair, of a similar nature, in which Mr. Coleman was engaged, was attended with a fatal termination. A Mr. Thompson had a difference with him, which ended in a challenge. The parties met in Love Lane, now Twenty-first street, and Thompson fell. He was brought, mortally wounded, to his sister's house in town; he was laid at the door, the bell was rung, the family came out, and found him bleeding and near his death. He refused to name his antagonist, or give any account of the affair, declaring that everything which had been done, was honorably done, and desired that no attempt should be made to seek out or molest his adversary. Mr. Coleman returned to New York, and continued to occupy himself with his paper as before.

Such is the tradition which yet survives concerning the event of a combat to which the parties, who bore no previous malice to each other, were forced by the compulsion of that "fashion," against which one of them, on the threshold of his career as a journalist, had protested, even while indirectly recognizing its supremacy. The quarrel arose out of political differences, Mr. Coleman being in the opposition, and Mr. Thompson a friend of the administration.

When the *Evening Post* was established, William Dunlap, author of a History of the Arts of Design, and a History of the American Stage, whose books are in the hands of many of our readers, and whose paintings, after he returned to his original profession of an artist, many of them have seen, was manager of the Park theatre. At that time the fashionable part of the New York population were much more frequent in their attendance at the theatre than now, and the *Evening Post* contained frequent theatrical criticisms, written with no little care, and dwelling at considerable length on the merits and faults of the performers. Public concerts were also criticized with some minuteness. Still lighter subjects sometimes engaged the attention of the editor. In 1802, the style of the ladies' dresses was such as to call forth, in certain quarters, remarks similar to those which are now often made on the Bloomer costume. On the 18th of May, 1802, the *Evening Post*, answering a female correspondent who asks why it has not, like the other newspapers, censured the prevailing mode, says:—

Female dress, of the modern Parisian cut, however deficient in point of the ornament vulgarly called clothing, must at least be allowed to be not entirely without its advantages. If there is danger of its making the gentlemen too prompt to advance, let it not be unobserved that it fits the lady to escape. Unlike the dull drapery of petticoats worn some years since, but now banished to the nursery or kitchen, the present light substitute gives an air of celerity which seems to say—Catch me if you can.

We are not sufficiently skilled in the history of the modes of former days, to inform our readers what was the substitute for petticoats, which is here alluded to.

In the *Evening Post*, during the first twenty years of its existence, there is much less discussion of public questions by the editors than is now common in all classes of newspapers. The editorial articles were mostly brief, with but occasional exceptions, nor does it seem to have been regarded, as it now is, necessary for a daily paper to pronounce a prompt judgment on every question of a public nature the moment it arises. The annual message sent by Mr. Jefferson to Congress in 1801, was published in the *Evening Post* of the 12th of December, without a word of remark. On the 17th, a writer, who takes the signature of Lucius Crassus, begins to examine it. The examination is continued through the whole winter, and finally, after having extended to eighteen numbers, is concluded on the 8th of April. The resolutions of General Smith, for the abrogation of discriminating duties, laid before Congress in the same winter, were published without comment, but a few days afterwards they were made the subject of a carefully written animadversion, continued through several numbers of that paper.

Mr. Coleman had no skill as a manager of property; he took little thought for the morrow; when he happened to have any money, it was spent freely,

or given away, or somebody who would never return it, contrived to borrow it. In a short time the finances of the *Evening Post* became greatly confused and embarrassed. From its first appearance, the journal bore, in a card at the bottom of its first column, the name of Michael Burnham, as the printer and publisher; he had, however, no property in the paper. Mr. Burnham was a young printer from Hartford, in Connecticut, a man of sense, probity and decision, industrious and frugal, with an excellent capacity for business; in short, he was just such a man as every newspaper ought to have among its proprietors, in order to ensure its prosperity. The friends of Mr. Coleman saw the importance of associating Mr. Burnham with him in the ownership of the paper, and negotiations were opened for the purpose. The result was, that the entire control of the finances of the *Evening Post* was placed in Mr. Burnham's hands, under such regulations as were prescribed in the articles of copartnership. From that time the affairs of the journal became prosperous; it began to yield a respectable revenue; Mr. Coleman was relieved from his pecuniary embarrassments; and Mr. Burnham began to grow rich. He died in the beginning of 1836, worth two hundred thousand dollars, acquired partly by his prudent management of the concerns of the paper, and partly by the rise in the value of real estate. Mr. Coleman died in 1829, worth, perhaps, a quarter of that sum.

The *Evening Post*, until the close of the second war with Great Britain, was a prominent and leading journal of the federal party. It took its share in the heated discussions of the non-intercourse law, the embargo, and, finally, the justice of our war with Great Britain, and the wisdom with which it was managed. On the question of coöperating with the government in that war, the New York federalists differed with those of New England; they held that when the country was once engaged in a war, the citizen could not rightfully take any step to obstruct its prosecution, but must give the common cause his cheerful aid and support till peace should be made. When the New England States held their convention at Hartford, the New York federalists refused to send delegates, and their refusal was sustained by the *Evening Post*. Mr. Coleman, however, went to Hartford on that occasion, as an observer. We recollect that, some years afterwards, in his journal, he taunted Theodore Dwight, then editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, in this city, with having been the Secretary of the Hartford Convention. Mr. Dwight replied, that his accuser was also a participator in the doings of that body, and spoke of his presence there as the representative of the New York federalists. Against this imputation, Mr. Coleman defended himself with warmth, and, in his usual frank and sincere manner, stated very minutely the object and circumstances of his visit. From this narrative, his ingenious adversary, who would otherwise have had little to say, contrived, by a skillful selection of expressions and circumstances, to make out a plausible, though by no means a fair case, against him.

About the year 1819, the health of Mr. Coleman was seriously affected by a paralytic attack. Until then he had found no occasion for a coadjutor in his labors as an editor. Several slighter shocks followed; his lower limbs became gradually weak and unmanageable, until he was wholly unable to walk without support. Different assistants were called in from time to time, but they were again dismissed as soon as Mr. Coleman was able to be in his chair.

It was after this decline began to appear that an affair took place, which was thought to have much impaired his health. A Mr. Hagerman, employed by the federal government to conduct certain prosecutions, was charged with some improper conduct at an hotel in the interior of the state. A letter, professing to give a circumstantial account of it, but which there is good reason to believe was dictated by personal and party animosity, was published in the *Evening Post*. Hagerman was naturally indignant, but he took the wrong method of redress. He met Mr. Coleman coming up Murray st., towards Broadway, and beat him so severely, that he was obliged to keep his room for a considerable time.

About this time it was said that a remedy had been discovered for the hydrophobia, in the herb called scull-cap, a species of *scutellaria*, so named from the peculiar shape of its seed vessels, resembling a plain close-fitting cap for the head. The *Evening Post* took great pains to bring the subject before the public, collected examples of the virtues of the plant, and insisted on its efficacy so frequently and with such warmth as to occasion some jokes at its expense.

This period of the existence of the *Evening Post* was illuminated by the appearance of the poems of Halleck and Drake in its columns, under the signatures of Croaker, and Croaker & Co., in which the fashions and follies, and sometimes the politicians of the day, were made the subjects of a graceful and good-natured ridicule. The numbers containing these poems were eagerly sought for; the town laughed, the subjects of the satire laughed in chorus, and all thought them the best things of the kind that were ever written; nor were they far wrong. At a subsequent period within the last twenty-five years, another poem, which, though under a different signature, might be called the epilogue to the Croakers, was contributed by Mr. Halleck to the paper. It was addressed to the Honorable Richard Riker, Recorder, better known as Dick Riker. This poem, with the marks of a ripper intellect, is as witty as the best of the Croakers.

In the fusion of parties which took place after the second war with Great Britain, the *Evening Post* lost somewhat of its decided federal character. When a successor to Mr. Monroe was to be elected to the Presidency of the United States, the *Evening Post* supported the claims of Mr. Crawford. No choice, as our readers know, was made by the people, and the election devolved upon the House of Representatives, who conferred the office upon Mr. Adams.

It was in the year 1826, a quarter of a century from the first issue of the *Evening Post*, that William C. Bryant, now one of its conductors, began to write for its columns. At that time the population of New York had grown from sixty thousand, its enumeration in 1801, to a hundred and eighty thousand. The space covered with houses had extended a little beyond Canal street, and on each side of Broadway a line of dwellings, with occasional vacant spaces, had crept up as far as Fourth street. Preparations were making to take up the monuments in the Potters' Field, now the site of Washington Square, and fill it up to the level of Fourth street. Workmen were employed in opening the street now called St. Mark's Place, and a dusty avenue had just been made through the beautiful farm of the old Governor Stuyvesant, then possessed by his descendants. The sheet of the *Evening Post* had been somewhat enlarged, the number of its

advertisements had been doubled since its first appearance, they were more densely printed, and two columns of them were steamboat advertisements. But the eye, in running over a sheet of the *Evening Post* printed at that time, misses the throng of announcements of public amusements, lectures, concerts, and galleries of pictures, that now solicit the reader's attention; the elaborately displayed advertisements of the rival booksellers, of whom there are now several houses, any one of which publishes yearly a greater number of works than all the booksellers of New York then did; the long lists of commercial agencies and expresses, and the perpendicular rows of cuts of ships, steamboats, and railway engines, which now darken the pages of our daily sheet.

The *Evening Post* at that time was much occupied with matters of local interest, the sanitary condition of the city, the state of its streets, its police, its regulations of various kinds, in all which its conductors took great interest. There was little of personal controversy at that time in its columns.

The personal appearance of Mr. Coleman, at that period of his life, was remarkable. He was of a full make, with a broad chest, muscular arms, which he wielded lightly and easily, and a deep-toned voice; but his legs dangled like strings. He expressed himself in conversation with fluency, energy and decision, particularly when any subject was started in which he had taken an interest in former years. When, however, he came at that period of his life to write for the press, he had the habit of altering his first draught in a manner to diminish its force, by expletives and qualifying expressions. He never altered to condense and strengthen, but almost always to dilute and weaken.

Immediately after Mr. Bryant became connected with the *Evening Post*, it began to agitate the question of free trade. The next year, he became one of the proprietors of the paper. Mr. Coleman and Mr. Burnham, who desired to avail themselves of the activity and energy of younger minds, offered at the same time a share in the paper to Robert C. Sands, a man of wit and learning, whose memory is still tenderly cherished by numbers who had the good fortune to know him personally. He entertained it favorably at first, but finally declined it. A majority of both Houses of Congress were in favor of protective duties, and the *Evening Post*, at that time, was the only journal north of the Potomac which attempted to controvert them. In the northern part of the Union, it was only in certain towns on the sea-coast that a few friends of a freer commercial system were found; the people of the interior of the Atlantic states and the entire population of the west seemed to acquiesce, without a scruple, in the policy of high duties. The question of modifying the tariff, so as to make it more highly protective, was brought up before Congress in the winter of 1828, and, on the 19th of May following, a bill prepared for that purpose became a law. It was warmly opposed to the *Evening Post*, and the course of Mr. Webster, who had formerly spoken with great ability against protection, but who had now taken his place among its supporters, was animadverted upon with some severity. That gentleman, in a letter to Mr. Coleman, justified his conduct by saying that the protective system was now the established policy of the country, and that, taking things as they were, he had only endeavored to make this system as perfect

and as equally beneficial to every quarter of the Union as was possible.

In contending against the doctrine of protection, the *Evening Post* gradually fell into a position of hostility to the administration of Mr. Adams, by which that doctrine was zealously maintained. In the election of 1828, it took the field in favor of the nomination of General Jackson, who had declared himself in favor of a "judicious tariff," by which his friends understood a mitigation of the existing duties. Mr. Coleman lived to see the triumph of his party, and to hear the cheers of the exulting multitude at his door. In the summer following, the summer of 1829, he was cut off by an apoplectic stroke. William Leggett, who had earned a reputation for talent and industry, by his conduct of the *Critic*, a weekly journal, several of the last numbers of which were written entirely by himself, put in type with his own hand, and delivered by himself to the subscribers, was immediately employed as an assistant editor. He only stipulated that he should not be asked to write articles on political subjects, on which he had no settled opinions, and for which he had no taste—a dispensation which was readily granted. Before this year was out, however, he found himself a zealous democrat, and an ardent friend of free-trade, and, in the year 1830, became one of the proprietors of the paper.

Mr. Leggett was a man of middle stature, but compact frame, great power of endurance, and a constitution naturally strong, though somewhat impaired by an attack of the yellow fever, while on board the United States squadron in the West Indies. He was fond of study, and delighted to trace principles to their remotest consequences, whither he was always willing to follow them. The quality of courage existed in him almost to excess, and he took a sort of pleasure in bearding public opinion. He wrote with surprising fluency, and often with eloquence; took broad views of the questions that came before him, and possessed the faculty of rapidly arranging the arguments which occurred to him in clear order, and stating them persuasively.

The acts of General Jackson's administration brought up the question of the power of the federal government to make public roads within the limits of the different states, and the question of renewing the charter of the United States Bank. With what zeal he was supported by the *Evening Post*, in his disapproval of the works of "internal improvement," as they were called, sanctioned by Congress, and in his steady refusal to sign the bills presented to him for continuing the United States Bank in existence, many of our readers, doubtless remember. The question of national roads, after some sharp controversy, was disposed of finally, perhaps, and forever; the contest for the existence of the National Bank was longer and more stubborn, but the popular voice decided it, at last, in favor of the president.

The first sign of a disposition in the country to relax the protective policy, was given in General Jackson's administration, when the law of 1832, sometimes called the compromise tariff, was passed, providing for the gradual reduction of the duties, on all imported goods, to the rate of twenty per cent. on their value. Mr. McLane, the Secretary of the Treasury, had proposed a somewhat reduced tariff, in his annual report, and Mr. Verplanck, in the House of Representatives, had introduced a bill on a still more liberal basis. The compromise



swept them both away; but the compromise was welcomed by the friends of free trade in the union, as indicative of a great revolution in public opinion, and as a virtual abandonment of the protective policy. Since that time, the doctrines of commercial liberty, so early espoused by the *Evening Post*, have been making gradual progress, till they are professed by large majorities in many parts of the north, and have pervaded almost the entire west.

Those who recollect what occurred when General Jackson withdrew the funds of the government from the Bank of the United States, a measure known by the name of the removal of the deposits, cannot have forgotten to what a pitch party hatred was then carried. It was a sort of fury; nothing like it had been known in this community for twenty years, and there has been nothing like it since. Men of different parties could hardly look at each other without gnashing their teeth; deputations were sent to Congress to remonstrate with General Jackson, and some even talked—of course it was mere talk, but it showed the height of passion to which men were transported—of marching in arms to the seat of government and putting down the administration. A brief panic took possession of the money market; many worthy men really believed that the business and trade of the country were in danger of coming to an end, and looked for a universal ruin. In this tempest the *Evening Post* stood its ground, vindicated the administration in its change of agents, on the ground that the United States Bank was unsafe and unworthy, and derided both the threats and the fears of the whigs.

In June, 1834, Mr. Bryant sailed for Europe, leaving Mr. Leggett sole conductor of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Burnham had previously withdrawn as a proprietor, substituting his son in his place. The battle between the friends and enemies of the Bank proceeded with little diminution of virulence, but the panic had passed away. The *Evening Post* was led by the discussion of the Bank question to inquire into the propriety of allowing the state banks to exist as monopolies, with peculiar powers and prerogatives not enjoyed by individuals. It demanded a general banking law, which should place on an equal footing every person desirous of engaging in the business of banking. It attacked the patronage of the federal executive, and insisted that the postmasters should be chosen by the people in the neighborhoods to which they ministered. A system of oppressive inspection laws had gradually grown up in the state—tobacco was inspected, flour was inspected, beef and pork were inspected, and a swarm of creatures of the state government was called into being, who subsisted by fees exacted from those who bought and sold. Nobody was allowed to purchase an uninspected and untaxed barrel of flour, or an uninspected and untaxed plug of tobacco. The *Evening Post* renewed its attacks on the abuse, which had previously been denounced in its columns, and called for the entire abrogation of the whole code of inspection laws. The call was answered some years afterwards, when the subject was taken up in earnest by the legislature, and the system broken up.

Meantime, another question had arisen. The *Washington Telegraph* had procured printed reports of the Abolition Society, in New York, then a small body, and little known to the public, and, extracting the most offensive passages, held them up to the people of the south as proofs of a deliberate design on the part of the north to deprive the

planters of their slaves, without their consent and without remuneration. Other extracts followed from day to day, with similar inflammatory comments, till at length the southern blood took fire, and the southern merchants began to talk of ceasing to trade with New York. The New York commercial community disclaimed all sympathy with the abolitionists, and to prove its sincerity, began to disturb their meetings. From slight disturbances the transition was easy to frightful riots, and several of these, in which the genteel mob figured conspicuously, occurred in the year 1835, at different places within the state. The meetings of the abolitionists were broken up, their houses were mobbed, and Arthur Tappan was obliged, for a while, to leave the city, where his person was not safe. The *Evening Post* at first condemned the riots, and vindicated the right of assembling, and the right of speech. As the mob grew more lawless, it took bolder ground, and insisted that the evil and the wrong of slavery were so great that the abolitionists were worthy of praise and sympathy, in striving for its extinction. It rang this doctrine from day to day in the ears of the rioters and their abettors, and confronted and defied their utmost malice. No offer was made, in the midst of all this excitement, to mob the office of this paper.

During Mr. Bryant's absence in Europe, the interest of the younger Burnham was purchased for his two associates, who thus became the sole proprietors.

In October, 1835, Mr. Leggett became seriously ill; he returned to his labors after a short interval; but a relapse came on, and confined him to a sick room for months. Mr. Bryant returned in the spring of 1836 from Europe, and found him still an invalid, the editorial chair being ably filled, for the time, by Charles Mason, since distinguished as a lawyer in Iowa. He resumed his labors, and engaged in the controversy respecting the state banks, which was then at its height, and which continued to agitate the community till the adoption of a general banking law by the state, and of the independent treasury scheme by the federal government.

In the month of June, 1836, an attempt was made in different parts of the state to compel journeymen to refrain from entering into any understanding with each other in regard to the wages they would demand of their employers. Twelve journeymen tailors were indicted in this city for the crime of refusing to work, except for a certain compensation, and a knot of journeymen shoemakers at Hudson. In this city, Judge Edwards—Ogden Edwards—and at Hudson, Judge Savage, laid down the law against the accused, pronouncing their conduct a criminal conspiracy, worthy of condign punishment. The *Evening Post* took up the charge of Judge Edwards almost as soon as it fell from his lips, and showed its inconsistency with the plainest principles of personal freedom, with the spirit of all our institutions and laws, and with the rule by which we allow all employers and purchasers to regulate their transactions. The other journals of the city took a different view of the question, but the doctrine maintained by the *Evening Post* commended itself to the public mind, and is now the prevailing and universal one.

In October, of the same year, Mr. Leggett, after a sojourn of some months in the country, returned to his office with his health in part restored. His return led to an examination of the finances of the *Evening Post*, which had suffered very much during his illness. Its circulation, though lessened, was

still respectable, but its advertising list was greatly diminished, and its income was not more than a quarter of what it had been. Some of its friends had been alienated by the vehemence with which the journal had attacked slavery and its defenders. The proprietors of steamboats and ships, and those who had houses to let, had withdrawn their advertisements, because no cuts, designed to attract the attention of the reader, were allowed a place in its columns. Mr. Leggett, with an idea of improving the appearance of his daily sheet, had rigidly excluded them.

This examination ended in the retirement of Mr. Leggett from the paper. He established a weekly sheet, the *Plaindealer*, which he conducted for about a year with great ability, and which, but for the failure of his publisher, would have been highly successful, as was evident from the rapid increase of its circulation so long as it was published.

About the close of the year, two passenger ships from Europe, the *Mexico* and the *Bristol*, were wrecked at the mouth of the New York harbor, covering the shore with corpses. The *Evening Post* showed that this disaster arose from the negligence of the New York pilots, who were unwisely allowed a monopoly of the business, and joined with the mercantile community in demanding such a change as should subject them to the wholesome influence of competition. The change was made in the same winter.

We have mentioned the short panic of 1834. It was followed by a season of extravagant confidence, and of delirious speculation, encouraged by all the banks—that of Mr. Biddle and the deposit banks coöperating in a mad rivalry—a season such as the country had never seen before. It might sound like a vain boast of superior discernment to say that the *Evening Post* insisted, all along, that the apparent prosperity of the country was but temporary, that its end was close at hand, and that it would be followed by a general collapse and by universal distress—but it is nevertheless true, and as we are writing the history of our journal, it must be said. The crash came quite as soon as the most far-sighted had anticipated, and thousands were ruined; the banks stopped payment, and the legislature of New York, in a fright, passed a sort of stop law in their favor, absolving them from the engagement to pay their notes in specie.

It was shortly before this collapse, in the year 1837, that Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, a senator in congress, from this state, gave the country his famous speech on the credit system, the object of which was, to justify the practices of the banks at that time, and of those to whom the banks furnished the means for their speculations. His eulogy of the credit system was attacked in the *Evening Post*; he replied in the tone of a man who had been wronged; he was answered; his friends got up a letter, signed by several hundred democrats, certifying to the political orthodoxy of Mr. Tallmadge and his credit system; the *Evening Post* attacked both the letter and its signers. Mr. Tallmadge struggled a little while longer to maintain his place in the democratic party, and then sought a temporary refuge among the whigs.

At that time, the *Times*, a democratic morning paper, in the interest of Mr. Tallmadge and his friends, was published in the city. The *Evening Post* had occasion to allude to the men who made the *Times* their instrument. The editor of the paper, one Dr. Holland, since dead, who had some skill in turning a paragraph, wrote a note to Mr.

Bryant, informing him that he was the proprietor of the newspaper, and that it spoke his opinions, and those of no one else, and demanded that justice should be done him in this respect. He received a reply with which he was not satisfied, and, failing to obtain any other, he sent a challenge to Mr. Bryant, by a friend, who was authorized to make the due arrangements for the meeting.

It has already been seen how great, in the first years of this journal, was the force of custom among a certain class of the New York population, in keeping up the practice of duelling. In the thirty years which had since elapsed, it had grown obsolete, and even ridiculous. Only very hairbrained young men, and sometimes officers of the navy, ever sent or accepted a challenge to the field, and it no longer required any firmness to decline one. Mr. Bryant treated the matter very lightly; he put the challenge in his pocket, and told the bearer that everything must take its proper turn, that Dr. Holland, having already been called a scoundrel by Mr. Leggett, must give that affair the precedence, and that, for his own part, he should pay no further attention to the matter in hand till that was settled. The affair passed off without any consequences.

Meantime, no means were left untried to bring back the paper to its former prosperous condition. William G. Boggs, a practical printer, and a man of much activity, was taken into the concern, first with a contingent interest, and, in 1837, as a proprietor. The figures of steamboats, ships and houses, were restored to its columns, and nothing omitted which it was thought would attract advertisers. They came with some shyness at first, but at last readily and in great numbers. It required some time to arrest the decline of the paper, and still more to make it move in the desired direction, but when once it felt the impulse, it advanced rapidly to its former prosperity.

The book press of the country, about this time, had begun to pour forth cheap reprints of European publications with astonishing fertility. Few works but those of English authors were read, inasmuch as the publisher, having nothing to pay for copyright to the foreign author, could afford to sell an English work far cheaper than an American one, written with the same degree of talent and attractiveness. The *Evening Post* was early on the side of those who demanded that some remedy should be applied to this unequal operation of our copyright laws, which had the effect of expelling the American author from the book market. It placed no stress, however, on the scheme of an international copyright law, as it has been called, but, consistently with its course on all commercial questions, insisted that if literary property is to be recognized by our laws, it ought to be recognized in all cities alike, without regard to the legislation of other countries; that the author who is not naturalized, deserves to be protected in its enjoyment equally with the citizen of our republic, and that to possess ourselves of his books simply because he is a stranger, is as gross an inhospitality as if we denied his right to his baggage, or the wares which he might bring from abroad to dispose of in our market.

The public mind, in the course of a short time, seemed to be perfectly prepared for a change in the copyright laws, abolishing any unequal distinctions in the right of property, founded on birth, or citizenship. The publishers and booksellers, who had at first been unfavorable to the measure, were at length brought to give it their assent, but the members of

Congress were not ready. They did not understand the question, nor did nine in ten of them care to understand it. No party purpose was to be served by studying it, or supporting any measure connected with it; no disadvantage was likely to arise to either party from neglecting it; and, for this reason, more we believe than any other, the subject has been untouched by our legislators to this day. It is observed that politicians by profession are very apt to yawn whenever it is mentioned.

The dispute between the friends of the credit system, as they called themselves, and their adversaries, continued till the scheme of making the government the keeper of its own funds, instead of placing them in the banks, to be made the basis of discounts, was adopted by Congress. For this measure which is now very generally acknowledged by men of all parties to have been one of the wisest ever taken by the federal government, and perhaps more wholesome in its effect on the money market than any other adopted before or since, the country is indebted to Mr. Van Buren's administration, and to those who sustained it against the credit party. The *Evening Post* was one of the very earliest in the field among the champions of that scheme, and lent such aid as it was able in the controversy.

In 1840, it was engaged in the unsuccessful attempt to reelect Mr. Van Buren. In the four years of that gentleman's administration, nearly all the disastrous consequences of the reaction from the speculations of the four years previous were concentrated. He and his friends applied what is now acknowledged to be the wisest remedy, the independent treasury scheme; but a sufficient time had not elapsed to experience its effects, and the friends of the credit system everywhere treated it as the most pernicious quackery. The administration of Mr. Van Buren was made responsible for consequences which it had no agency in producing, and General Harrison was elected to the Presidency.

We have now arrived at a period the history of which, we may presume, is so fresh in the memory of our readers, that we need give no very circumstantial narrative of the part borne in the controversies of the time, by the *Evening Post*. In this year, Parke Godwin, who for some time had been employed as an assistant on the paper, became one of its proprietors, and continued so until the year 1844, when the interest he held was transferred to Timothy A. Howe, a practical printer, who has ever since been one of the owners of the concern.

In the year 1841, the proprietors began to issue a *Weekly Evening Post*, the circulation of which has been regularly increasing to the present moment. A Semi-Weekly had been issued from the earliest establishment of the journal, and it is remarkable that the popularity of the Weekly has seemed, of late, to attract subscriptions to the Semi-Weekly also.

In 1841, the subject of abolishing the punishment of death was brought up in the New York Legislature, by Mr. O'Sullivan, who for that purpose had sought an election to the House of Assembly as a delegate from this city, and who prepared an excellent report giving a full statement of the argument for its abolition. In the following winter he had several able coadjutors in this cause, among whom was Major Auguste Davezac, who had studied the question under the teachings of Edward Livingston, and who, though a native of a French colony, was one of the finest declaimers

in English of his time. The *Evening Post* took a decided part in favor of this change in the criminal law of the state, a change which it has never since ceased on proper occasions to urge, on the ground that in the present age there is no longer any necessity to inflict the penalty of death, and that experience has shown it to be less effectual in restraining the repetition of crimes than other modes of punishment. The legislature, at times, seemed half persuaded to try the effect of putting an end to the practice of taking life by sentence of law, but it finally shrunk from the responsibility of so important a step.

During the time that the executive chair was filled by Mr. Tyler—for General Harrison passed so soon from his inauguration to his grave, that his name will scarcely be noticed in history—several of the questions which formerly divided parties, were revived. The question of the independent treasury had to be debated over again; the measure was repealed. The question of a national bank came up again in Congress, and we had to fight the battle a second time; the bill for creating an institution of this kind presented to Mr. Tyler was refused his signature and defeated. Mr. Tyler, however, had a dream of a peculiar national bank of his own; this also was to be combated. The compromise of 1832, in regard to duties on imported goods, was set aside by Congress, without ceremony, and a scheme of high duties was proposed which resulted in the tariff of 1842. Here, also, was matter for controversy. The question of admitting Texas into the Union, which had several times before been discussed in the *Evening Post*, was brought before Congress. It was warmly opposed in this journal, which contended that if Texas was to be admitted at all, a negotiation should first be opened with Mexico. This was not done, but the result has shown that such a course would have been far the wisest. The eager haste to snatch Texas into the Union brought with it the war with Mexico, the shedding of much blood, large conquests, California, and those dreadful quarrels about slavery and its extension, which have shaken the Union.

It is unnecessary, we believe, to refer to the part taken by the *Evening Post*, in behalf of the economical policy which in 1842 retrieved the credit of the state of New York, impaired by the large expenditures for public works; nor to its exertions in favor of such an alteration in the constitution, as should incorporate in the constitution of the state, an effectual check upon further extravagances. That was soon done by the convention of 1848.

In 1848, Mr. Boggs parted with his interest in the *Evening Post* to John Bigelow; and William J. Tenney, who had been for some time past the able and useful assistant of Mr. Bryant, withdrew. The controversies which have since arisen are yet the controversies of the day; they still occupy all minds, and there is no occasion to speak of their nature nor of the part we have taken in them.

We have now brought our narrative down to the present moment. It does not become us to close without some expression of the kindly feeling we entertain towards those subscribers—for there are still a few of them—who read the *Evening Post* in 1801, and who yet read it, nor to those—and there are many such—in whose families it is looked upon as a sort of heir-loom, and who have received a partiality for it as an inheritance from their parents. When these examples occur to our

minds, we are consoled for the occasional displeasure and estrangement of those we had deemed our friends; and we think of our journal as of something solid, permanent, enduring.

This impression is strengthened when we reflect, that in the mechanical department of the paper are men who came to it in their childhood, before any of the present proprietors of the paper had set foot within the office, and are employed here still—worthy, industrious and intelligent men.

An experience of a quarter of a century in the conduct of a newspaper, should suffice to give one a pretty complete idea of the effect of journalism upon the character. It is a vocation which gives an insight into men's motives, and reveals by what influences masses of men are moved, but it shows the dark rather than the bright side of human nature; and one who is not disposed to make due allowances for the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed, is apt to be led by it into the mistake that the large majority of mankind are knaves. It brings one perpetually in sight, at least, of men of various classes, who make public zeal a cover for private interest, and desire to avail themselves of the influence of the press for the prosecution of their own selfish projects. It fills the mind with a variety of knowledge relating to the events of the day, but that knowledge is apt to be superficial; since the necessity of attending to many subjects prevents the journalist from thoroughly investigating any. In this way it begets desultory habits of thought, disposing the mind to be satisfied with mere glances at difficult questions, and to dwell only upon plausible common-places. The style gains by it in clearness and fluency, but it is apt to become, in consequence of much and hasty writing, loose, diffuse, and stuffed with local barbarisms and the cant phrases of the day. Its worst effect is the strong temptation which it sets before men, to betray the cause of truth to public opinion, and to fall in with what are supposed to be the views held by a contemporaneous majority, which are sometimes perfectly right and sometimes grossly wrong.

To such temptations we hope the *Evening Post*, whatever may have been its course in other respects, has not often yielded. Its success, and the limits to its success, may both, perhaps, be owing to this unaccommodating and insubservient quality. It is often called upon, by a sense of duty, to oppose itself to the general feeling of those from whom a commercial paper always must receive its support; it never hesitates to do so. It sometimes finds a powerful member of that community occupied with projects which it deems mischievous; it puts itself in his way, and frustrates his designs, if possible. In this way it makes bitter enemies, who would break it down if they could; it makes also warm friends by whom it is cordially supported. Its proprietors are satisfied with its success and its expectations. For the last quarter of a century it has been the only democratic paper which could subsist in New York. Others have come and departed like shadows. It is now well appointed in all its departments, and has as fair a prospect of surviving to another century, as it had at any time, during the last fifty years, of subsisting to this day.

From the Morning Chronicle, 5th Dec., 1851.

HISTORY records few spectacles more extraordinary and dramatic than the awakening of the city of Paris to the consciousness that a revolution was not only commenced, but, as it were, accomplished. We can fancy an honest *bourgeois* turning out at his accustomed hour to take down his shutters,

and finding the handwriting of the president of the republic upon his wall. We picture to ourselves his amazement at finding his newsmen transformed into a dragoon, and his *feuilleton* replaced by a proclamation. But there were others on whom the blow fell somewhat earlier and far more heavily. M. Thiers was netting the last meshes of the web which was to entrap the man whom he had intended to govern, and whose greatest crime, in his eyes, is that he has chosen to act for himself. The political Frankenstein was discussing with his chosen friends, in the dead of the night, the means of extinguishing the vitality of the monster whom he had helped to create—when the *gens d'armes* marched him off to the confinement which he had destined for his antagonist on the morrow. In conspiracy, as in military mining, success is ever a question of time; and the best-laid train may always be prematurely exploded by a counter-blast. It seems sufficiently clear that, on Monday night, the question lay between a Convention and a Dictatorship—the beds at Vincennes were aired, but it was as yet uncertain who were to be their occupants. If M. Thiers had gained the initiative, the ultimate issue might not perhaps have been very different, but bloodshed would have been inevitable in the first instance. Though, so far as is yet known, there is every reason to believe that the greater part of the population of Paris look, on the whole, with more of favor than of hostility on the measures of the president, yet the profound and remarkable tranquillity by which, up to the present moment, so violent a change has been accompanied and followed, must be in great part ascribed to the decision and vigor with which every individual, round whom resistance might have rallied, was removed from the scene of action before even a suspicion of the intended proceeding had transpired. There can be no better proof of the profound secrecy in which the preparations had been made than the fact that even M. Thiers had not time to run away. So strict was the reserve which Louis Napoleon had maintained, that the ministers themselves were not acquainted with his plans till they had been already executed—and the *Constitutionnel*, the organ of the Elysée, appeared on the same morning, after the decrees had been issued, with an article ridiculing the notion of any *coup d'état* on the part of the president.

PARTIAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.—Among the heathen nations, the Persians in the time of Cyrus considered the virtues, especially justice and gratitude, as the main object of education; among the Athenians, accomplishments in arts, sciences, and letters were the end; and among the Spartans, obedience was the sole principle of instruction, because that would preserve the ascendancy of the laws. Yet neither of these answered their designs. Persia acquired some of the milder virtues, but failed in strength and hardihood; Athens found that neither art nor science would avail against depravity of morals; and Sparta found that it was not enough to secure obedience to laws without considering their nature and effect; Persia fell a victim to luxury, Athens to licentiousness, and Sparta to tyranny. Such are the lessons of antiquity, and its splendid wreck remains an example to warn us against the dangers of partial systems. But under the new light which the Christian system has thrown over the power and destiny of the soul, a different view has been taken of the end and means of education. We consider the object of education as twofold: one, to improve and strengthen the mind itself; the other, to endow it with whatever is valuable or auxiliary in the duties of life.—E. D. Mansfield.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE MINERAL WATERS OF GERMANY.\*

THE Spas of Germany are beginning to bestir themselves, and are proclaiming to all the world, through the advertising columns of the papers, the curative virtues of their waters, the irresistible attractions of their scenery, and the dazzling magnificence of their Casinos. Every sense is assailed in turn; and every conceivable taste, from the innocent enjoyment of nature, down to the depraved craving for the vulgar excitement of cards and dice, is promised its due gratification. What mortal man or woman, having the average amount of human weakness, can resist the five mineral springs of Homburg, taking their rise at the foot of the Taunus mountains, two hundred yards above the level of the sea, analyzed by the celebrated Professor Liebig, and found to vary so obligingly in the proportion of their ingredients, as to adapt themselves, under the guidance of the physician, to each individual case? "Stimulant, tonic, alterative, aperient," in one attractive combination, administered at their source with "the vivifying air of the mountains, the diversion of mind by the moving scene, and the abstractions from the cares of the world," all contriving to render the medicine palatable, and its operation certain; who can venture to doubt that "enlargements of the liver," "affections of the spleen," "hypochondria, jaundice, and gout," with sundry other maladies less admissible into our pages, will be effectually softened down, washed away, and expelled? Who can be surprised that during the ten years that these wonder-working waters have been flowing, the city (!) of Homburg has greatly improved; that a new town has grown up on the site of the old one; that new hotels and private houses have been built; that forests have been pierced with roads to enable the invalids to visit the Feldburg, the Rock of Elizabeth, Luther's Oaks, and all the picturesque spots of the Taunus; and that the directors of this grand establishment (a joint-stock company of gamblers, forsooth!) have constructed a magnificent Casino, containing splendid saloons for balls and concerts, rooms for the games of *trente et quarante*, and for the fascinating roulette-table, with a *cabinet* for reading, a coffee-room, a divan for smoking, *table-d'hôtes à la Française*, an orchestra three times a day, and—as if all this was not enough to turn the head of any votary of pleasure—concerts, balls, and *fêtes* for young ladies, game and the *grandes chasses* for sporting gentlemen! It would be positively cruel to close such an attractive establishment even for a day, and we are therefore by no means unprepared for the announcement that the Casino of Homburg enjoys the privilege of remaining open all the year, and that its tables for play, its balls, its concerts, and its hunting parties cause it to attract a numerous and select society from every quarter of Europe.

For our own part, we esteem it almost a misfortune that causes over which we have no control, should have robbed us of the necessary qualification for a course of Homburg waters, and cut us off from the almost fabulous delights of that favored spot. The full occupation of our time has left us

no leisure for an attack of hypochondria; our modest means have precluded us from purchasing a fit of the gout; and our unpretending position as an humble literary craftsman, remote alike from the cares of statesmanship, the anxieties of business, and the responsibilities of office, has saved us from the infliction of any greater amount of indigestion than can be cured by a short trip into the country, a renewed intimacy with pigs and poultry, a diurnal attempt at a game of quoits or cricket, and evenings agreeably passed in listening to the dismal prophecies of ruined agriculturists, the variegated reminiscences of the last hunting season, and the exhilarating gossip of the nearest country town. As to mineral waters, we contrive to get on wonderfully well without them, though a modest chalybeate spring, of undoubted excellence, but altogether unknown to fame, wells up out of the ground within half-a-mile of our *locus in quo*. Certain it is, that though the hospitable roof which shelters us during these short visits springs out of a cold clay soil in one of the lowest districts of one of the flattest and most uninteresting of English midland counties, we awake the very morning after our arrival with a consciousness of improved health and renovated spirits, which, if we had swallowed a draught from the aforesaid chalybeate spring, under the advice of some learned doctor, we should most assuredly attribute to the waters.

For the reasons just assigned, we must abandon, however unwillingly, all hope of mingling in the gay and fashionable crowd of invalids which has already begun to taste the delights of the most salutary and attractive of spas. But as we have no spice of envy in our composition, we shall contrive to enjoy, in imagination, the pleasures in which we cannot hope to participate, and picture to ourselves afar off the bloom of health revisiting the pale cheeks of fair victims of the London season, and the smile of rational enjoyment taking the place of the fixed glance and anxious brow of the judge, the magistrate, the merchant, or the statesman.

From the tone of these remarks, it will probably be inferred that we are not very enthusiastic believers in the virtues of mineral waters. We plead guilty to the charge. We confess that we are somewhat sceptical. But in truth we are getting tired out with the demands made upon our credulity. One day we are required to believe implicitly that Smithfield market is one of the healthiest spots in England; and, if we venture to doubt it, we are met by a fact vouched by a parliamentary witness, enshrined in a blue book, and stamped with the undoubted authority of a parliamentary committee. Mr. Smith was ill, and his family sickly; he went to live in Smithfield, and they all recovered their health and strength; *ergo*, Smithfield is a most salubrious locality.

Scarcely have we recovered from the painful effort of mental deglutition which this fact entailed, and settled in our minds that the salubrious condition of Smithfield must be owing to certain odoriferous substances which strew its surface, (for if not, the wholesomeness of Smithfield is no argument for the retention of the market,) than we are invited to yield our assent to a series of facts of a totally opposite kind, which, having received the imprimatur of an English jury, are not to be disputed. A dust-contractor has undertaken to remove the aforesaid odoriferous substances from Smithfield market, and, accordingly, he stores them up for a few days at a time on an open space

\* Lectures on the German Mineral Waters, and on their Rational Employment for the Cure of certain Chronic Diseases. By Sigismund Sutro, M. D., Senior Physician to the German Hospital. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1851.

within a mile of their original place of deposit, and near to them he accumulates the ashes from a district which he has also contracted to cleanse. Now, though the sweepings of Smithfield market have no time to undergo any material change, and the ashes are harmless enough, we are called upon to believe that the new locality is rendered uninhabitable, and that every malady, great and small, from the infirmities of old age up to the worst wasting maladies of infancy, have been brought about by that which, when it covered the classic soil of Smithfield, was possessed of most marvellous healing properties. If any one should venture to doubt the salubrity of Smithfield market, and of its odoriferous coating, he will be reminded of a favorite prescription of the faculty some fifty years since, which consisted in industriously inhaling exhalations still more fragrant, and derived from a source which most men would esteem even more objectionable.

The fact is, that in medicine, in hygiene, in meteorology, in agriculture, in politics, and in almost all the concerns of life, many distinct causes are in simultaneous operation to bring about every result which we may happen to make the subject of investigation; and it is by no means easy to assign to each cause its own proper force and influence. It requires no ordinary courage to undertake to apportion to the physician and to the *vis medicatrix nature* their respective contributions towards the recovery of the sick man. Happily for the doctors, their patients do possess that courage to a degree bordering upon rashness, or they would not give them credit for so many marvellous cures. So, also, in the science of hygiene, what learned pundit of the Board of Health will undertake to hold the scientific balance evenly between the market, the dust-yard, or the burial-ground, on the one hand, and the filthy, crowded, undrained dwelling, on the other, when he comes to render an account of the pressure of sickness and mortality on the poorer sections of our population? The phenomena of the air and of the earth are equally entangled, and equally difficult to unravel and explain. To how many different and opposite causes, again, are we not every day of our lives attributing the prosperous condition of England; and how very difficult it is to decide between them, or to attach to each its just degree of importance, and no more. Our constitution, our Protestantism, our poor laws, our rotten boroughs, our trial by jury, our system of self-government, our union of church and state, our voluntary system and habit of *laissez-faire*, our national debt, our protection to native industry, our aptitude for work, each has been, or now is, paraded and defended as the one great cause of our national greatness—the palladium which it would be sacrilege and ruin to touch.

The question of the efficacy of mineral waters is one of these mixed questions. Change of scene, rest from labor, pure air, wholesome exercise, regulated diet, baths, and mineral waters, are all brought to bear upon the constitution of the invalid. His constitution is improved, he gets well; and the waters, in nine cases out of ten, gain all the credit, or, if not all, they certainly carry off the lion's share.

We do not accuse Dr. Sutro, whose work we have now before us, of taking this illogical and untenable view of the virtues of the German mineral waters; but we think that he attributes to them greater efficacy than we ourselves should be disposed to allow, and is willing to admit evidence of

their virtues to which we should raise serious objections.

Dr. Sutro adopts Vetter's classification of mineral waters into *Akratopæga* and *Synkratopæga*, words which, when rendered into plain English, mean *powerless* and *powerful* springs. The waters of the first class, which are also styled "chemically indifferent," are "clear, tasteless, generally inodorous, of nearly the same specific gravity as water, and containing in sixteen ounces less than five grains of solid ingredients, and not above the tenth part of the quantity of gas which would correspond to their tension." "The constituents," it is added, "are not such as exhibit strong effect in small quantities." This is just such a description as we have been lately reading of the water supplied to the metropolis, and it is almost equally applicable to the purer specimens which it is proposed to introduce, some of these days, from the neighborhood of Watford. A closer examination, and a more rigid comparison, do not cause us to alter our opinion upon this subject; for we find, on turning to a table of analyses of these *powerless* or *chemically indifferent* waters, given at p. 405 of Dr. Sutro's work, and placing them side by side with the analyses of the government report, that the chemical constituents resemble each other very closely in quantity, if not in quality. The waters of Gastein in the Tyrol, and Pfeffers in Switzerland, for instance, have twenty grains of solid ingredients in a gallon, which is, within the smallest fraction of a grain, the amount of solid ingredients in the water of the New River. The difference in chemical composition between the foreign and domestic waters is that the former are softer than the latter; that, in other words, they contain less lime and chalk, and more soda and common salt. With the exception of the waters of Pfeffers, the powerless mineral waters contain either no free carbonic acid, or not more than the London waters. Such are some of the favorite mineral waters of the continent, of high and long established repute, and, if the partial testimony of resident physicians, quoted by Dr. Sutro, may be trusted, of undoubted efficacy in a vast variety of disorders. One peculiarity all these waters possess which our own New River water wants—they are all warm springs, deriving a temperature of 98° or upwards from that very economical source of caloric, the earth. They are consequently employed externally as warm baths, and may be presumed to have the same effect, and no other, which baths of the same temperature, purchased at our baths and washhouses at the moderate cost of twopence a bath, exercise. We have no doubt that a course of warm bathing, diligently followed up in any of these medically unpretending and chemically indifferent establishments, would be found to effect cures of obstinate diseases which had hitherto defied all the curative effects of pills and powders, draughts and mixtures, lotions and liniments. At the same time, if our leisure and means would permit, we should certainly much prefer a visit to Wildbad, Teplitz, Gastein, or Pfeffers, with all the additional appliances of thorough change of air, scene, occupation, and diet. The position of these mineral springs, and the scenery which surrounds them, differ much more than the springs themselves; and if, in the absence of everything like a rigid comparison of the results of the use of the several waters, we may attribute the alleged difference in their effects to any one cause more than another, it would be to those adventitious circumstances of elevation and site which distinguish the one from the other. Let

us take, as illustrations of this difference, the two Akratopægæ, Pfeffers and Gastein. Their waters differ very slightly in composition, though those of Gastein have a higher temperature; but it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast in situation. The baths of Pfeffers are situated in a narrow mountain gorge replete with elements of sublimity and terror; while those of Gastein lie upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a comparatively open and airy situation. Let us test our author's powers of description by citing the passages in which he speaks of these two favorite watering places.

To reach Pfeffers, you ascend a winding, rugged path along the Tamina, which rushes by in the depth with a continuous hissing noise, and with the greatest vehemence. On both sides rocky mountains rise almost perpendicularly to a height of six hundred feet. The view is most romantic, but becomes truly awful and sublime, when arrived at Pfäfers, you are led by curiosity to pursue the Tamina along the narrow, wooden path erected between the rocks, and leading to the three sources from which all the baths are supplied. The rocks here are not only perpendicular, but actually bend towards each other, scarcely admitting the rays of the sun, and presenting cracks, fissures, and promontories, which fill the wanderer with awe. Treading cautiously along, and admiring this wonderful greatness of God's creation, which raises such an insignificant little rivulet into a powerful roaring mass, rushing along in the ravine under our feet, and filling with humbleness and timidity the boldest heart, we entered the enclosure of the chief source after about ten minutes, and found it filled with vapor. By means of a light, after a few minutes, we could perceive objects in the disappearing darkness, and we gazed down the cleft whence the steaming fluid steamed out. Bathed in violent perspiration, we issued, ascending with care and a considerable degree of danger, eight or ten irregular steps to examine the second and third sources. \* \*

This is just the description of a spot calculated to combine a very powerful impression on the mind with a relaxing influence on the body; and we can imagine a class of invalids to whom such a combination would be eminently beneficial.

Dr. Hufeland's patient, whose case is quoted at page 84, was just such a person. He had long been affected with hypochondriasis, and had used alternately several spas without effect, even requiring other remedies to strengthen their efficacy; but he had scarcely used the waters of Pfeffers *two days* before his bodily and mental condition visibly improved, and he felt a freedom and mobility in his whole being unknown to him for many years; and notwithstanding his sojourn in a deep mountain fissure, which only admits light for a few hours a day, he experienced constant alacrity and cheerfulness. Such is the marvellous effect attributed by an eminent, though somewhat credulous, German doctor to the act of taking a few warm baths and drinking two days running a few glasses of warm soft water, of the strength of that supplied by the New River to the inhabitants of London! It is true that a certain unmistakable bodily effect appeared to follow the use of the water; but it was just that effect which in many persons follows almost every decided change of air and diet, and which is much more likely to have originated in the strange spot itself than in its waters. Dr. Sutro elsewhere informs us that "the salutary crisis may not appear before weeks or months have passed," so that this prompt method of cure is probably exceptional; and we are confirmed in this opinion by finding that the

grape-cure is recommended in some cases as a *succedaneum*.

We are therefore not so much at a loss as Dr. Sutro seems to be to account for the "fact that Pfäfers, (for this is the spelling he prefers,) with all its inconveniences and limitations, stands in higher reputation with the profession and the public than the pleasant and commodious Ragaz, which lies about six hundred feet lower, but offers the same water to the valetudinarian." We will not stop to discuss the question whether such reputations as this are likely to be well earned or not, but we certainly do somewhat marvel at Dr. Sutro's high estimate of invalid wisdom conveyed in the expression of his opinion, that "people would not come hundreds and hundreds of miles to imprison themselves for three or four weeks in a confined locality, which never enjoys the congenial influence of the sun more than seven hours a day, if powerful and decisive facts did not furnish a positive inducement."

A medical man is the very last person from whose pen we should have expected a passage so complimentary to human wisdom, in matters medical, to have emanated.

From Pfeffers let us accompany our author to the other "powerless spring," Gastein, and see in what terms he describes the scenery which surrounds it:—

The valley of Gastein is intersected in its whole length (for eleven leagues) by the rapid Ache, which rushes down from the height of two hundred and seventy feet in the middle of Wildbad, forming one of the most beautiful waterfalls. The spa is supported on the one side by the terrace plain of the Bockstein. On the north, a fine prospect opens towards the whole lower valley, whilst on the east and west, mighty columns of primary rocks are perceived. \* \* \* The spa lies three thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. \* \* \* The temperature is rather lower than in many other spas; nevertheless, the climate is more bracing than bleak, for the northern storms, as well as the pluvial west and north-west winds, are kept off by the semicircular guard of the surrounding mountains. The easterly winds are particularly checked in their violence by passing over the Arleck and the mountains of the Kotschach valley. Even the Sirocco from the south, which has such a depressing influence on the nervous system, and mostly appears in spring and autumn, is deprived of its violence by the towering chain, and partly of its heat by the ice and snow-fields of the environs. \* \* \* The heat of the summer is rarely oppressive, rapid Alpine torrents and neighboring woods imparting freshness to the atmosphere.

We cannot be surprised that the effect of a change from flat countries to so wholesome and bracing a spot is considerable, that "an unusual ease spreads over the whole organism, that respiration is more easily performed, that the head is raised, that the walk is erect, with a certain lightness and elasticity of movement; that an instinctive desire for muscular exercise helps to increase the general effect, and induces keener appetite and sounder sleep."

The very journey to Gastein is in itself a salutary course of medicine. "I dwell," says Dr. Sutro, "with greater length and emphasis on this journey than on others, because it forcibly struck me, as I proceeded, that such varieties of scenery, such contrasts of atmospheric influences, acting on the senses and faculties of the traveller, must exert a positively healing action in many derangements

of physical and mental functions. I defy the hypochondriac to think of his manifold and magnified sorrows when beholding these wonders of creation. Intense cheerfulness fills his mind, and dispels every depressing thought—the secreting and excreting organs resume their former healthy activity—the formation of good chyle improves the condition of the blood—the nutrition of the whole frame becomes improved, and reacts tonically on the mind; and thus this cyclus of cause and effect eradicates many an inveterate functional disorder."

Exactly so. This is what we contend for. Here lies the secret of the greater part of the reported success of the Akrotopegæ, (we are charmed with the word,) and of the mineral waters as a class of remedial agents. If we must needs use one or other of these waters to drink, or bathe in, commend us to Gastein, in the Tyrol, and let us be conducted thither by the route so pleasantly, and, we may add, so piously, described and appreciated by Dr. Sutor, in the following passage:—

The road, particularly after Golling, is magnificent beyond description. It is more like a fairy-land than a reality, particularly the "Lueger-pass," where a small path leads upwards to the "Ofen der Salzach"—certainly the most magnificent view that the imagination can conceive. It is the perfection of picturesque scenery. The spot which struck me as most admirable, is where the Salzach-bridge stands, surrounded on all sides by the mountains, as if the world were locked off beyond, and all further passage prevented. And if you now think your admiration has reached the highest point, and that greater natural beauty cannot exist, pass on further, and you will find how mistaken you were in this belief. Rocks, mountains, valleys, verdant fields, and deep ravines, perpetually diversify the scene, while the Salzach, coquettishly winding every now and then across your path, and forcing you to cross and recross her silvery current, contributes to render the whole scene so charming and heart-expanding, that none can forbear blessing his Creator, and pouring out his overflowing gratitude.

We have lingered so long among the "chemically indifferent" warm springs of Wildbad, Teplitz, Peffers, and Gastein, that we have left ourselves little space to speak of the warm and hot saline springs (Halothermæ) of Baden-Baden, Aix-la-Chapelle, Burscheid, Wiesbaden, Nauheim, and Oeynhausen, which form an ascending scale of gradually increasing strength from Baden-Baden, which is more than four times as strong as Teplitz, up to Oeynhausen, which has sixty times the strength of that strongest of "chemically indifferent" spas. The cold saline springs (Halokrenæ) of Soden, Kissingen, Homburg, and Ischl, which we have also placed in the order of their strength, beginning with the weakest, must fare no better at our hands; and the springs of the same class, which possess the additional recommendation of containing a minute proportion of iodine, or bromine, (Iodepegæ,) to wit, the springs of Heilbrunn, Kreuznach, Salzhäusen, and Holl, must also be passed over in silence. The Natropegæ, or springs rich in carbonate of soda, (Schlangenberg, Obersalzbrunn, Ems, Fachingen, and Bilin); the Pikropegæ, or bitter springs, abounding in sulphate of soda (Carlsbad, Franzensbad, Marienbad, Seidlitz, Salschutz, Friedrichshall, and Püllna); the Anthrakokrenæ, or acidulous springs (Geilnau, Heppingen, Fachingen, Birresbrunn, Selters, and Kissingen); the Thiopegæ, or sulphurous waters (Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden near Vienna, Eilsen, Meinberg, Neundorf,

Warmbrunn, and Weilbach); and the chief chalybeate springs of Wildungen, Brückenau, Spaa, Pyrmont, Driburg, Bocklet, and Schwalbach—all these varieties of mineral water receive from our author the attention which their reputed or real importance demands; but we regret that our narrow limits do not allow of our following his example. Perhaps the best service which we can render to such of our readers as may be personally interested in the subject of mineral waters, is to specify the strongest specimens of the several kinds of water, as some guide in the choice of a spa. Among the akroto or "chemically indifferent" spas, Teplitz, in Bohemia, is that which combines the largest quantity of solid ingredients with the highest temperature; of the hot saline springs, or Halothermæ, Oeynhausen, in Westphalia, has the largest quantity of saline matter, and Wiesbaden the highest temperature; Ischl, in Austria, is the richest in saline ingredients of the Halokrenæ or cold saline springs; among the same class, but having the advantage of holding iodine, or bromine, in solution, Holl, near Steyer, is the strongest; Bilin is the richest of the carbonate of soda springs; Püllna, in Bohemia, of the sulphate of soda springs; while Kissingen is the strongest of the acidulous class, Weilbach of the sulphurous springs, and Schwalbach of the chalybeates.

If we are right in attributing the alleged efficacy of mineral waters to the change of air, diet, and mode of life which their use entails, more than to the waters themselves, the choice of a water will be less important than the selection of a site. Those who are disposed to take a different view of the case, may consult Dr. Sutor's pages with advantage. They will find the tables at the end, which display the constituents of the spas useful to them; and when they have made choice of a water likely to suit their tastes or their maladies, they may be safely promised much useful information in the body of the book. They will find Dr. Sutor an intelligent and well-informed travelling companion and guide, with an eye for scenery, and a heart capable of responding to the emotions of the sublime and beautiful, which the works of Nature are calculated to call forth. His style of expression is somewhat foreign, but his meaning always obvious; and if he would take our advice, when his work reaches a second edition—which we trust it may—and compress the first three lectures into one, at the same time pruning and condensing the remainder, he will have no reason to regret the trouble it may occasion him. It is, perhaps, in the nature of lectures to be somewhat diffuse in the delivery; the best of them may be condensed with advantage as they pass through the press.

GLANCES.—Perhaps the short hasty glances cast up any day in the midst of business, in a dense city, at the heavens, or at a bit of tree seen amid buildings—glances which partake almost more of a sigh than a look—have in them more of intense appreciation of the beauties of Nature than all that has been felt by an equal number of sight-seers enjoying large opportunities of sight-seeing, and all their time to themselves. Like a prayer offered up in everyday life, these short, fond glances at Nature have something inconceivably beautiful in them.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

He who indulges his sense in any excesses renders himself obnoxious to his own reason, and to gratify the brute in him displeases the man, and sets his two natures at variance.



From the Spectator.

## PROFESSOR MAURICE'S SERMONS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.\*

THESE sermons on some of the principal events and persons of the Old Testament, preached at Lincoln's Inn Chapel during the present year, are not only distinguished by the unity of purpose which follows unity of design, and by the various qualities of the preacher—his comprehensive views, his deep earnestness, his independent disregard of cant and conventions, and an eloquence springing rather from profound thought and conviction in a well-trained scholar, than from the employment of any literary or rhetorical arts; they have larger and loftier objects. In these sermons the chaplain of Lincoln's Inn aims at putting aside the explanations and glosses of commentators and divines, by which the Old Testament is as it were superseded, as referring to a condition of the world quite different from ours: he seeks to restore belief in the Bible as a book whose lessons are for all time, and which is as instructive to Christians of the nineteenth century as to the Jews under the Mosaic dispensation. The Bible, the whole Bible, and an implicit trust in the whole of it, is the motto of the preacher.

The texts of the sermons are taken from the Sunday Lessons, and they will when completed form a series of discourses on the Old Testament from the selections made in the Prayer-book. The nineteen sermons already published embrace many subjects, and contain several original opinions, but that of the widest application relates to the fall of man. It is customary, says the preacher, to speak of Adam's state of innocence as if it were something of his own; whereas all that he had of his own was his animal life or nature, which he had in common with the beasts. The state of innocence, the likeness to God's own image, was derivative, and dependent upon God; it was lost when man yielded to temptation and fell. When man follows his fallen and animal nature, he lives in and for himself alone; his boasted independence is a state of violence. To prevent this condition of wickedness and crime by making men members of a religious society, raising them nearer and nearer to God's own image, is the object of the Bible dispensation. When Scripture is read in this way, we have a clue to much that otherwise seems vague or contradictory. By his own nature, man is at all times just what his times and circumstances make him. God's assistance and man's faith will not alter the human character; they will only elevate man religiously, and so far as he is religious. Every patriarch or prophet, as long as he threw himself wholly upon God, trusting nothing to his own devices, but doing in perfect faith that which he felt or was providentially informed to be right, was elevated above mankind at large, not by any extraordinary human qualities, but by religious faith. As soon as he began to trust to his own ability, and to follow out his own schemes, he showed what the natural man was—not one jot better than the common run of men around him. When Abraham quitted his home and his country, or prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac, his faith ex-

alts him, not in kind, but in degree, beyond any other man who may be called to sacrifice his cherished objects in a similar way. When the same Abraham goes into Egypt and trusts for security to himself, he differs nothing from any other Arab shepherd of his own or any other age.

The story of Abraham's call is scarcely concluded before we are told that he went down into Egypt in consequence of a famine; that there he persuaded his wife to call herself his sister; that he was entreated well for her sake; that she was saved by God's providence from the effect of her husband's falsehood. Is it desirable to keep such a story as this in the background, or to find some mystical explanation of it which shall show that the untruth of a patriarch is not like the untruth of another man? I apprehend that any one who takes the first course must hold his own judgment to be higher than that which guided the writer of the book; that any one who takes the second must set up for himself a most fluctuating standard of right and wrong. I find this narrative here given with all simplicity; I suppose there is a reason why it should be given. I assume that it was meant to say what it does say. And the natural *prima facie* view of the subject is that which accords best with the preceding and subsequent narrative. The whole history, instead of suffering from the admission that the first father of the Jewish nation acted just in the way in which another Mesopotamian shepherd, going into a strange country, and seized with a sudden fear of what might befall him, was likely to have acted—that he displayed cowardice, selfishness, readiness to put his wife in a terrible hazard for his own sake—the history, I say, instead of being made more difficult and unintelligible by this statement, is brought out by it in its true and proper character. Any notion that we are going to read of a hero, or a race of heroes, is dispelled at the very outset. The dream that this man had in him, in his own nature, something different from other men—that he was not exposed to every ordinary temptation incident to human beings as such, incident to the place, times, circumstances, in which it was appointed that he should live—is taken away, not by surmises of ours, but by the express deliberate announcements of the sacred historian, intended for other purposes also: it may be, but certainly for this one above all others, that the Jewish people might not fall into any mistake respecting their ancestor, or fancy him to be a person of another kind from themselves. And so we feel the force of the words, "In thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Here is a man, not picked out as a model of excellence, not invested with some rare qualities of heart and intellect; one apt to fear, apt to lie, certain to fear, certain to lie, if once he began to speculate according to his own sagacity on the best way of preserving himself. He is made aware of an invisible guide who is near him, of an invisible government which is over him, and which it concerned not him only but all human beings in all generations to be acquainted with. Here lies all his greatness, all his strength. What he is apart from his Teacher, we see in his journey to Egypt; a very poor, paltry earth-worm, indeed; one not to be despised by us, because we are earth-worms also, but assuredly worthy of no reverence for any qualities which were his by birth, or which became his merely in virtue of his call.

It may be logically objected to the theory of Mr. Maurice, that by nature man has reason to guide him, whilst the brute nature has only instinct. To which he might perhaps as logically reply, that man's own nature is only truly seen in the lowest savage, who, if he really does rise above mere instinct, only uses intelligence to become more cruel and vicious than beasts, when either fear, cupidity,

\* The Old Testament: Nineteen Sermons on the First Lessons for the Sundays from Septuagesima Sunday to the Third Sunday after Trinity. Preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By Frederic Denison Maurice, M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. Published by Parker and Son.

or lust excites him. The premises being granted, the theory of Mr. Maurice unquestionably furnishes in many cases a more satisfactory explanation of puzzling passages in the Old Testament, at the same time that it invests the actors with a greater human interest. Some of his other arguments are not so satisfactory. He reconciles the double narrative of the creation, by considering the first and more general statement as relating to the endowment of matter with the principles of different vitalities, the creation of the *law* of species, the "idea" of the world; while the second and more particular account describes the individual work. His resolution of that stumbling-block the *ordered* destruction of the Canaanites is perhaps more ingenious than satisfactory. It is quite true that wars, with their destruction of happiness and life, have been a great means of advancing knowledge and civilization; but, so far as we know, they have not been expressly *ordered* (except in that general and predestinating sense which would throw back the argument to the origin of evil;) and certainly the individual authors of wars have had no inspired mission. They rather appear like the result of man's passions and cupidities, in which the temporary evils he produces have been overruled for purposes of good.

The application of these views, and the implicit mode of receiving the Old Testament which the preacher inculcates to human life as now existing, is maintained throughout; different lessons being inculcated according to the differing nature of the texts, but in the larger way which treats of man as member of a race rather than of a particular society with conventional and accidental peculiarities. This closer, and in some sense more practical manner of considering contemporary circumstances, is taken in the preface. This preface seems to originate in an attack made on Mr. Maurice in a "Dissenting Review," where he in common with the Church is represented as "not suffering men in general to hold converse with the Bible, unless the Church in some way be present at the interview, like the gaoler when the prisoner receives a visit from his friends." This charge is answered by referring to the Lessons in the Prayer-book of the Church, from which Mr. Maurice was preaching his sermons; but the answer is followed by what is in fact an essay on the religious features of the times, in which the state of the Church, the duty of its clergymen, the characteristics of sectarians, the ideas of educated laymen, and the feelings of the earnest, struggling, neglected masses, are touched upon. This, and not the least valuable portion of the volume, is too close for its argument to be condensed, but an extract or two will show its nature and spirit. The following passage refers to what is the main subject of the discourses—the abandonment of the literal Bible by religious men in general.

These are questions which men are asking themselves everywhere. Would to God they were asking them more earnestly, with more determination to obtain an answer! If they were, I should not care how much they heard of neological doubts or neological solutions. I believe the first might be a means of leading them to look again into the Bible for a real and simple history; that the others would afford them scarcely a temporary resting-place. What makes one tremble, is not the active, but the passive unbelief of our day; not the vehement words, "like the East wind," of men who declare that they cannot be content with conventions, and must have something solid to

rest on, but the placid scepticism which takes it for granted that religious men in general are standing upon a reef of sand, and has not interest to ask whether there is any rock beneath upon which we all might stand. Let us confess it plainly and simply—it is not Neologians or Rationalists who have taught men that the Bible is a collection of incoherent fragments—an old Oriental document with which modern civilization has nothing to do. We have taught them that. The religious world has been inculcating the lesson upon all classes amongst us. And then we are shocked and startled when we see it brought out openly before us, dressed in critical formulas, and we fly hither and thither, for defence against the evil spirit we have ourselves raised; now begging help of some orthodox German, who we suppose has more knowledge about documents than ourselves; now entreating some Genevan divine to furnish us with a new theory of inspiration which will settle all doubts, and which must be received as if it was itself inspired.

But there is an *earnest* infidelity abroad, that will certainly not be settled by the school arguments which we childishly suppose may be effectual to convert the *lazy* infidelity of our upper and professional classes into solid faith. Toiling and suffering men want to know, not how the world was governed thousands of years ago, but how it is governed now; whether there is any order in it, whether there is any one who can and will rectify its disorders. They must have plain, straightforward answers to these questions. They will listen to no talk about a future state, unless we can tell them something about their present state. They will listen to no arguments from Paley, or Watson, or Hengstenberg, or Gausson, to prove that such a book must be inspired or divine. "If it is," they say, "what message does it bring to us? Is it one of despair or hope, of bondage or of emancipation? Speak it out, if you know what it is. We will listen if it is what we want, however little we may trust you who speak it. We will not listen if you bring ever so many arguments to prove your powers, your right to dictate, or your skill to argue, if you do not make known to us that which will show us the path in which we are to walk more clearly—which will explain why we were sent into this world, and how we are to live in it."

Another passage descriptive of that "religious world" which eschews the Church and professes to look *only* to the Bible.

This is a function which a "religious world" can never discharge, never even tries to discharge. A religious world is a society by itself, witnessing for itself, for its own privileges, for its difference from the rest of mankind. It acknowledges no vocation from God; it has no living connexion with the past; it is subject to all the accidents and mutations of public opinion. Yet it has no hold upon human life in any of its forms. It treats politics, science, literature, as secular; but it dabbles with them—pretends to reform them by mixing a few cant phrases with them—is really affected by all the worst habits which the most vulgar and frivolous pursuit of them engenders. It trembles at every movement, at every thought which is awakened in human hearts, at every discovery which is made in the world without. But it does not tremble at its own corruptions. It can see its members indifferent to all the precepts of the Bible in their daily occupations as shop-keepers, employers, citizens; yet if they put the Bible on their banners, and shout about the authority of the inspired book at public meetings, it asks no more; it boasts that we are "sound at heart"; it congratulates itself that spirituality is diffusing itself throughout the land. Meantime, each of its sections has its own Bible. The newspaper or magazine which keeps that section in conceit with itself, and in hatred of others, is to all intents and purposes its divine oracle, the rule of its

faith, the guide of its conduct. For this religious world is an aggregate of sections, a collection of opinions about God and about man; no witness that there is a living God, or that He cares for men. Its faith is essentially exclusive, and so is its charity; for though it devises a multitude of contrivances for relieving the wants of human beings, nearly all these seem to proceed upon the principle that they are creatures of another race, on behalf of whom we are to exercise our graces; not creatures who have that nature which Christ took, as much sharers in all the benefits of His incarnation and sacrifice as their benefactors are.

From the Spectator.

#### MACREADY'S SUWAROW AND HIS LAST CAMPAIGN.\*

THE usual fate of *imperfect* genius has attended the memory of Suwarow. His name is only preserved to the British public by the sketch of him at the siege of Ismail in *Don Juan*; even with the better class of readers he is more known for his eccentricities of character than his military exploits. Nor, beyond a clear conception, an indomitable resolution, an unwearied activity, and a bravery which only success redeemed from fool-hardiness, was there much to admire in the strategy of Suwarow. His celebrated campaign in Italy in 1799, which all but cleared Italy of the French, and might have ended in a successful invasion of France but for the dishonest selfishness of Austria, was as regards strategy a series of errors. The author of this volume, avowedly written to advance the military fame of the singular Russian general, brings his different actions and movements to the test of criticism, and finds something defective or faulty in all. Suwarow's strategy was erroneous in plan; his tactics, even at the battle of Novi, deficient in unity, and the victory at last was owing to an accident. He succeeded by dint of a determination to beat; the modes of success were daring pertinacity, the use of the bayonet, and superiority of numbers. The military moral of Suwarow's Italian campaign points in a very remarkable manner the great advantage of thorough determination—that, in the Duke of Wellington's words, when you are once engaged, "hard fighting is the main thing;" but Suwarow's hard fighting involved an enormous loss of life, and would not have succeeded with troops who can stand the bayonet, which (and it is a remarkable thing) the French do not well stand. It should be observed, too, that when Suwarow was opposed to considerable strategical ability he was baffled. Moreau kept him at bay for ten days with a force not more than one third of the allies, and then carried off his army. In Switzerland, Massena compelled him to retreat, and in fact withdraw from the war; though dissatisfaction with Austrian treachery had much to do with both of these results, especially the latter. It may be added, that in Suwarow's desperate mode of fighting a battle, defeat would seem to involve destruction.

Yet Suwarow was a sort of land Nelson; and had principles of his own, which, were an army as amenable to handling as a fleet, and had the Russian been more favored in his circumstances, he

might have achieved as high distinction as the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar. Suwarow had all Nelson's frankness, "dash," love for closing with a Frenchman, ["lay alongside a Frenchman, but out-manceuvre a Russian,"] was the admiral's axiom announced in the Baltic, and hatred of theorists, system-mongers, and official interference. He had the same indefatigable industry, gave the same attention to the preparation of his force, and acted on a definite system that contained many military truths of importance.

Figures of straw and clay were put up in every quarter, and Suwarow's smile rewarded him whose sabre cut the deepest. In the bayonet practice, his personal feelings were oddly shown. At the words "charge on the Poles," the recruit advanced and gave a thrust; at "charge on the Prussians," the recruit stabbed twice (Suwarow hated the military foppery and pretension of that people); at "charge on the French," ("the light-skipping, God-forgetting French," he called them,) the recruit stabbed twice horizontally, and once downwards into the ground. When the victim was supposed to be a Turk, the soldier was cautioned in addition, to shake him from the bayonet; "he must be very dead," Suwarow used to say, "when he does not try a sweeping cut." All his drill was applicable to actual battle, where the men had to conquer or die. It was their interest to kill fast, and they were taught what was at once best for themselves and "for the honor and safety of their sovereign and his dominions."

"The absolutely defensive in war is an absurdity. A weak force spread out to cover many points exposes itself to be inevitably pierced and beaten; mass it, and occupy the most important points, and act vigorously, as opportunities offer; this is still more advisable if your force be strong. An army disseminated like men on a chess-board, each portion to support another, may be ruined by the cowardice, stupidity, or caprice of any one of its constituent parts. Force is multiplied by activity; a rapid march will seldom find an enemy prepared for battle; if it does, a general with coup-d'oeil and good troops can make his dispositions. The fire of infantry is for defence, the bayonet for attack. All killed by an exchange of fire after lines or columns of attack can be formed, are uselessly sacrificed. While bodies fire the loss is tolerably equal; it is in the pursuit that casualties preponderate. Bad troops stand fire; few good ones stand the bayonet; those that do can hardly use it too soon. The leader of an army is its genius; he must not be made the tool of pen-and-ink men (*scribentismus*). Their plans of campaign may be eloquent, but they are not natural; they may be fine, but they are not good; they may look brilliant, but they are not to be reckoned on. It is the commander-in-chief who alone can appreciate and decide on the unforeseen contingencies of war as they occur. He must not hesitate—must be indefatigable; he alone must direct his troops. Nobody, nothing should shackle him. He must be without self-love. On him the fate of all must rest." These were the opinions with which Suwarow sought his enemy, and he could depend upon his soldiers and upon himself.

This volume is a posthumous, and to some extent an unfinished work, published by the author's widow and edited by a friend, "an officer of rank." It was the product of Major Macready's leisure after retiring from the service, and contains the result of extensive reading, as well as of pilgrimages made to the different scenes connected with Suwarow's Italian campaign. Besides the account of this war and a criticism upon it, the book contains a brief biographical notice of Suwarow, with full sketches of the man's peculiarities in the form

\* A Sketch of Suwarow, and his last Campaign; with Observations on Mr. Alison's Opinion of the Archduke Charles as a Military Critic, and a few Objections to certain Military Statements in Mr. Alison's History of Europe. By the late Major Edward Nevil Macready. (Edited by an Officer of Rank.) Published by Smith and Elder.

of anecdotes. There is also a defence of Suwarow against the "envious" criticisms of the Archduke Charles, and a sharp review of Mr. Alison's notice of the same subject. The book forms an interesting and instructive volume of the nature of military memoirs, without the dryness, which frequently accompanies a professional work.

The book also contains a truth which, though by no means new, can hardly be too much impressed upon the British public, which generally has to pay the piper when the continental nations think fit to dance; and that is, the dishonest selfishness and treachery of the house of Austria. The Italian campaign was undertaken, it may be remembered, in consequence of a coalition between England, Russia, and Austria. The interest of England, who furnished money, was simply that of raising another party to the war against France; Russia had very little interest in the affair, beyond the assumed interest of all crowned heads to oppose the French revolution; Austria had the enemy at her door. The professed object of the Italian campaign was to free Italy from the French and restore the status in quo. On his first successes Suwarow proceeded to organize a Piedmontese national army; but the object of Austria was to clutch Italy to herself. The Emperor Francis disapproved of Suwarow's proceedings, declaring he would allow no government but his own in the conquered countries. When further successes had all but cleared Italy, and Suwarow was contemplating an invasion of France, he was recalled to Switzerland, and found on his arrival that the army of the archduke had abandoned the country, leaving Korsakow to defeat; and on Suwarow's arrival with the remains of his army the campaign had to be abandoned.

A similar system prevailed throughout. Though Suwarow and the Emperor Paul had made certain stipulations in reference to Suwarow's absolute command, none of them were complied with. The Russian generalissimo's plans were continually defeated by despatches or imperial autograph letters from Vienna, and even subordinate generals received counter orders which baffled his combinations. For a long time he bore up zealously, though not uncomplainingly; at last he resigned. Paul, mad as he was, saw where the truth lay, took the part of his general, and recalled his army; Austria occupied her treacherously-gotten gains; till Marengo and Hohenlinden in the following year pointed the moral of honesty being the best policy, though it did not teach that lesson to the house of Hapsburg.

From the Independent.

*Dream Life: a Fable of the Seasons.* By IR MARVEL. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

THOSE who read the "Reveries of a Bachelor," which graced with their careful and exquisite finish of structure and language the *Holidays* of last year, will hardly fail to welcome as well this younger child of the same brain; and no just expectation will be otherwise than gratified in its ornate and graceful pages. The author has met an obvious difficulty in the fact that the same periods of life were again to be described by him, in the execution of his plan, which had been already portrayed, in their scenes, their histories, and the rambles of thought suggested by them, in his previous writing. He has conquered the difficulty, however, with excellent success; and the present book, while inevitably recalling somewhat the former, is fresh and novel to an even singular extent in all that pertains

to drapery and circumstance, is never repetitious of that in its evolution of character and the inner experience. If it is not as "popular," it will be because the mind of the public is easily sated with whatever depends on the accurate development of interior states for its special charm. Variety of incident, unexpected and unique combinations of history, seem imperatively demanded by the vicious taste of the half-educated readers for whom publishers and authors have too much catered. Our respect for the judgment and cultured taste of the present reading generation will be indefinitely raised if this book comes, as the other has done, to its tenth or twelfth edition before another New Year. It deserves it.

In careful observation of the outward nature, and the power to render the gains of that observation in vivid, definite and satisfying terms—in the far subtler and nobler faculty of interpreting into language the shadowy and swift action of the absorbed and excited soul—in attentive elaboration, and genuine richness and energy of style, and we might almost add, for passages of the volume before us seem to justify it, in manliness, width and vigor of thought—Mr. Mitchell is certainly the foremost, by far, of the younger men who for several years past have contributed their additions to the sum of our literature. There is more true promise in his writings, in our judgment, than in that of all the others combined. Justness and carefulness of mental action are happily united in him with keenness of emotion; and, while his style wants sometimes the easy and evident fluency which enchant one in that master of language to whom he dedicates this volume, it is always rewarding, it has passages that are truly and nobly eloquent, and it is pervaded by that fine sense of the beauty of terms, and of the proportion of literary form, which marks the artist. With the leisure which his habit of life allows him, the various and wide culture which is accessible to him, the admirable powers he has shown already, and the quickening energy which must breathe upon him from the ready and frank appreciation of his contemporaries, it will contradict all promise if his mature and advancing manhood does not enrich our literature with many choice and durable fruit-garlands. For many reasons, his books are to us suggestive, quickening, and so memorable.

J. H. STERLING, of Burlington, N. J., who so narrowly escaped the late massacre in Paris, gives a thrilling account of his peril and escape in the *Burlington Gazette*. He states that with hundreds of others he was looking at the fighting at the distance of six hundred yards; when the soldiers began to fire upon them, and all rushed for shelter. He, with five others, ran into a bookstore, where the soldiers followed and murdered all except himself. Being indistinctly seen in the darkness, he grasped the bayonet of the first soldier that came towards him, saying that he was an American; the soldier stopped, and an officer coming in, saved his life.

He was taken out among the troops and passed to the rear, many of the soldiers offering to kill him, whom he appeased by telling that he was an American. He arrived at the Rue Montmartre, where he was told to run, the troops stopping the fire till he was out of danger. On visiting the spot of his danger two days after, every house was found riddled with balls. The government attempted to excuse the murder that occurred in the bookstore, by stating that one of those who run in there fired upon the troops, which Mr. S. says is false.



From the Times, 7th Oct.

# PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND.

In the checkered history of the Roman Catholic Church, abounding as it does with the most wonderful successes and reverses, it is no new thing to find the period of the greatest prosperity immediately followed by the darkest adversity, and that adversity in turn as suddenly succeeded by unlooked-for prosperity. Thus, from the cruel persecutions of Diocletian and Galerius arose the peace of the church under Constantine; and, when she seemed about to carry into effect her claims of universal territorial dominion, Mahomet rent from her, in a few years, her vast acquisitions in Asia and Africa. No sooner had Innocent and Boniface succeeded in imposing their enormous pretensions on the necks of kings and emperors than the degrading schism of Avignon rent in pieces the unity of the church, and placed her once more at the feet of earthly potentates. Hardly had this wound been healed by the Council of Constance, before reformation, quenched for a while in the blood of Huss, snatched from her the north of Europe, and left her to seek in the New World some indemnification for the irretrievable loss of so many fair provinces in the old. But of all the chapters of her eventful history none present stranger and more unlooked-for vicissitudes than that which records the destiny of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Established, according to ancient tradition, with unusual firmness and splendor, she survived that Reformation which proved so fatal to the sister Church of England, and, although deprived of her endowments, escaped from the sword of Cromwell, and attained under James II. a transient gleam of power and prosperity. This was immediately exchanged for a darker night of adversity than she had hitherto known. Ground down under penal laws, she succeeded, after the struggle of a century, in recovering for her professors civil and political equality.

From that time she seems to have felt that a new career of conquest and dominion was open to her. Strong in the numbers of her people, in the support of the greatest demagogue whom the world has seen, in the aid of both parties in the House of Commons, which competed with each other for her favor, and strengthened by the continual secessions of men of undoubted learning and high character, she seemed to be entering on her career, which nothing could arrest, and which promised, at no distant period, to realize her most sanguine expectations. Graced by the presence of a legate *à latere*, and restored under his auspices to synodical action, the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland witnessed with pride and exultation the efforts of the Pope to establish a hierarchy like her own on the hitherto inhospitable shores of England. But underneath all this semblance and ostentation of advancement the causes of decline and decay were already deeply seated, and busily, though silently, at work. Owing to the superior wealth, industry, and forecast of the Protestants, it was on the Roman Catholics that the weight of the famine principally fell, and the scarcity which decimated the people redressed the inequality of the numbers of the professors of the two religions, and, while it made the Romanists absolutely weaker, rendered the Protestants relatively stronger. National education had also done its work in diffusing among the community those rudiments of knowledge which have ever been found fatal to the domination of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The support of that

priesthood pressed heavily upon the people in the days of famine, and was exacted with a rigor as cruel as it was impolitic. Superstition exhausted herself in ceremonies and offerings to arrest the progress of calamity, and the priests, whom the ignorant people believed to be all-powerful with Heaven, were found unable, or believed unwilling, to protect them. The people fled from their desolated homes, and cared not to carry with them the heavy incubus under which they had long groaned in secret.

In the fiery school of adversity the clergy of the Protestant Church of Ireland have unlearned the indolence of happier days, and applied themselves to the work of charity and instruction with a spirit worthy of their high and holy calling. In many cases they were the channel through which the government relief was distributed; in many others they generously supplied the wants of the people from their own attenuated means. The extreme pretensions of the Ultramontane party, and their avowed hostility to secular education, have disgusted a lively and intelligent nation, at length made aware of the value of knowledge, and possessing peculiar facilities for its acquisition. The result of these concurrent causes, and probably of some others which time and investigation may yet bring to light, has been the weakening of priestly influence precisely at the moment when it assumed to be most powerful, and the humiliating discovery that those who are boasting of the return of Catholic England within the sphere of papal or planetary influence are not only unable to make any impression here, but cannot even retain the hold which they have for centuries possessed over the popular mind in Ireland. It seems now pretty clear that something like a new reformation is taking place in the province of Connaught. We were unwilling hastily to give credence to the numerous statements which reached us on this subject, because we are well aware how readily mankind mistake their hopes for their accomplishment, upon what slight evidence such assertions are often made, and how easy it is for those unacquainted by practical experience with the Irish character to obtain information apparently trustworthy, but really concocted for the purpose of meeting the views which they are believed to entertain. Neither did it escape us that in a time of general calamity, relief, however trifling, might be sufficient to procure apparent proselytes, whose counterfeit zeal might readily be mistaken for real conviction. This is the heartless system of pecuniary proselytism, to which Dr. Cullen points in the address of the Catholic Defence Association. Still, however, due allowance having been made for all these things, quite enough remains to convince us that the Irish mind is at this moment undergoing a change of incalculable importance, and shaking off, at any rate in some degree, the fetters of its ancient faith.

It is impossible, without the slightest reference to polemical or controversial feelings, not to view the change which is taking place as highly salutary and desirable. Without entering into the abstract merits of Romanism and Protestantism, it is abundantly clear that the one tends to form a retrograde and the other a progressive state of society—that the one is the cause, or, at least, the concomitant of indolence and misery, the other of activity, enterprise, and prosperity. A Roman Catholic population starves on the richest land in Ireland, while Protestants thrive on her inferior soils. Not only are the Celtic race quitting her shores by

thousands, but those who remain seem likely to unlearn their distinguishing characteristics, and to assimilate themselves more closely to the Teutonic element of the population. In the missions of the Irish Protestant Church, which have achieved such signal success, we recognize a just and fair reprisal for the arrogant aggressions of the Pope. In answer to his bulls they have published the Scriptures, and, while he is threatening our crown and hierarchy, they sap the foundations of his power by disseminating the Word of God among his people. We trust that those who have undertaken this great work will not lack public sympathy and support. Much Ireland is at this moment doing for herself, by exporting at private expense the population she has so long been unable to feed. Surely no little will be gained for the philanthropist and the statesman if, while the Roman Catholic clergy are organizing new schemes of agitation, we recall them to their duties by withdrawing from their control those masses whose ignorance and superstition have hitherto placed them only too completely at their disposal, and thus deliver them from blind guides who have secured the orthodoxy of their flocks by keeping them in a state of darkness one degree lower than their own.

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From the Times, Dec. 2, 1851.

#### MARSHAL SOULT.

THE vaults of the Invalides will open once more for a Marshal of Napoleon, and the last of that gigantic race is now at length to be consigned to his tomb. On Wednesday last Jean-de-Dieu Soult, Duke of Dalmatia and Marshal General of France, expired peacefully in the very scenes of his nativity, after a life with scarcely a parallel for eventfulness and danger. It was in 1769, in the year which gave birth to Wellington and Napoleon, that this famous soldier of fortune first saw the light, at St. Aurans, in the department of Tarn. So obscure was the descent of one destined to figure amongst the highest dignitaries of his country, that little has ever been said of his parentage or extraction. His military instincts appear to have been developed even before that extraordinary stimulus which such prepossessions received from republican enthusiasm, for his first like his last service was under a Bourbon king. At the age of fifteen he entered the royal regiment of artillery, from which corps he was speedily transferred, with a lieutenant's commission, to a battalion of grenadiers. Less advanced, however, than others in years and experience when the convulsions of France opened to ambition and valor all the prizes of the world, he was still learning activity from Hoche and patience from Jourdan, while his future colleagues were gathering more brilliant honors on the banks of the Po. At Fleurus he was yet only a colonel, but even in that capacity he found opportunity for exercising such seasonable discretion that his military reputation was established on the field.

In those days success followed distinction with almost electrical rapidity. To be noticed in action was to be placed at once on the path of honor and renown. Colonel Soult became a general of brigade in 1794, and within four years from that time was intrusted with the command of a division. His career now lay under the eyes of a man whose glance for such discernment was magical, and whose judgment was seldom biased by prejudice

or feeling. Napoleon detected in an instant the talents of the rising general, and from this moment the name of Soult is rarely absent from the history of Europe. He fought in every war, almost in every field, if not with invariable fortune, at any rate with unchangeable skill. He is included in every list of honors and in every catalogue of imperial creations. Though not personally a favorite of the emperor's, he was among the first of the generals selected for the dignity of marshal, and the first of the marshals advanced to the distinction of peers. It is almost half a century since he received his baton of command, and nearly as long since he first assumed the coronet of a duke. Even the honors of our own veteran champion are actually of a more recent date.

If we may trust the narratives of garrulous and often contradictory biographers, the emperor expressed in his later days a somewhat disparaging estimate of Soult's military capacity; but if we form our opinion from historical facts, it will be difficult to admit such a conclusion. Taking one campaign with another, there was no marshal of the empire whose reputation was so repeatedly and so practically confessed by the commands with which he was invested. It was Soult who disciplined that immense but manageable mass which was held in hand on the heights of Boulogne to be launched against the cliffs of Kent; and when the invasion of Britain was commuted for the conquest of Austria it was Soult who led the main column of the grand army, and who on the field of Austerlitz was charged with the execution of that mighty manœuvre which decided the fate of the campaign. It was Soult who secured the semblance of victory at Eylau, and whose judgment was permitted to influence the wavering resolution of Napoleon. When the terrible disaster of Moscow had to be repaired by the strategic achievements of Lutzen and Bautzen, it was Soult who was summoned from Castile to the emperor's side; and when the rout of Vittoria had cleared the Peninsula of invaders it was he who was detached again from the plains of Leipsic for the protection of uncovered France. There were other marshals for whom Napoleon had a greater liking, but whenever the crisis required a sure right arm or an independent head the first appeal was to Soult. He is always found in command of the choicest corps, the strongest column, or the most important post. Less intuitively scientific, perhaps, than Ney or Suchet, without the fiery dash of Lannes, the reckless impetuosity of Murat, or the extraordinary tenacity of Massena, he nevertheless united in himself the various qualities of an independent commander in a greater degree than any of his colleagues. His were the fewest mistakes, though not the fewest failures, for it was his fortune to be selected as the peculiar antagonist of that general before whom even the star of his imperial master was to set. That through a great part of his career he was unsuccessful is no more than saying that he had Englishmen for his adversaries and Wellington for his opponent. Yet he fought a good fight. If he was surprised at Oporto, none could have retreated with more admirable skill; if he was driven from the Pyrenees, none could have defended those passes with more redoubtable courage. With the coolness and vigilance which never forsook him, and which were perhaps his most characteristic qualities, he disputed every inch of French ground against his advancing enemy, and closed the Peninsular war under the walls of Toulouse with an

action which his countrymen are fain to accept as a victory.

Like our own great general, he survived to carry into new scenes and capacities the renown and experience of his professional life. Attached by predilection and habit to the imperial cause, which he had boldly reasserted at Waterloo, it was not until 1821 that he was confirmed by the restored dynasty in his military and social honors. At the revolutionary crisis of 1830 his republican instincts or his professional ambition survived in such vigor that M. Louis Blanc ventures on some mysterious hints respecting the capacity to which he might possibly have been called under the projected institutions. Either his strength, however, or his fortune failed him, for he contentedly accepted a seat in the councils of the constitutional monarchy, though his political genius was not of a cast to acquire more than nominal ascendancy in such cabinets as those of Louis Philippe. The last catastrophe of all found him past his time. Three revolutions are too much for even French vitality, and it mattered little to the veteran whether the constitution to which his last allegiance was asked was the twenty-ninth or the thirtieth of the series.

With the single exception of Bernadotte, he may be described, perhaps, as the most fortunate of all Napoleon's marshals. He never, it is true, became either a king or a prince; but if he lost the prize, he escaped the penalty, and survived to enjoy exalted rank, ample income, and remarkable consideration to the close of a long period of years. There was a moment, as is credibly related, when his brain, like those of others, was turned by the vision of regal titles, and the soldier who could not hold Oporto against a British division had been contemplating at that very moment the assumption of the crown of "Lusitania." But these reveries were soon blown to the winds, and from that time Soult concentrated his energies with unswerving fidelity on the work before him. That he was a cruel as well as a formidable enemy Spanish history but too loudly testifies, and those who once belabored an obnoxious general in our streets might have been reminded that a few years before they had cheered to the very echo a commander the least of whose deeds of bloodshed surpassed in merciless rigor all that was ever reported from Hungary. There was some excuse perhaps to be found in the peculiarities of a guerilla campaign; but if what Soult did can be justified, it is clear that everything is permissible in war. Except, however, under the influence of political agitation, Englishmen are not apt to exercise such a practical censure on the military tactics of foreigners, and when the old antagonist of Wellington actually appeared in Piccadilly as the representative of France at the coronation of an English queen he was received with a fervor of welcome which none other of our titled visitors was permitted to share. This is one of the advantages of protracted life. Warren Hastings survived to be saluted by the Parliament before which he had been for nine years impeached; Lord Dundonald outlived calumny, and now wears his honors without a blemish; and Soult, the scourge of Castile and the exterminator of defenceless peasantry, will only be remembered at present as the skillful and chivalrous antagonist of England, the glorious relic of a grand generation, and the oldest hero of a nation of soldiers.

## A SCENE IN PARIS.

[We copy the following letter from the Boston Transcript. The amount of the murders committed by Louis Napoleon, throughout France, on this occasion, will probably never be known. By the time he shall have gone to his place, new blood will have covered the old.]

Paris, Dec. 7, 1851.

LAST Monday eve the president had a reception, and a brilliant one. It continued till midnight—all seemed calm—no danger of a coup d'état—a large number of the representatives were present, even of the opposite parties. At one, Napoleon bade all good night, and at half past adjourned to his council chamber. At three, a squadron of horse called upon Changarnier, Cavaignac, Thiers, Cremieu, the questors of the Assembly and about twenty leaders, the most violent of the opposition, and escorted them to prison. Changarnier and a dozen others were at his house planning for the next day how they should do the same thing for Napoleon. He addressed the soldiers pathetically, reminding them of the past, and asking them if they would conduct their old comrade and general to a dungeon. They shrugged their shoulders, and in twenty minutes all the prisoners were locked up at Vincennes. When I awoke Tuesday morn I found the place opposite my windows filled with cavalry and troops of the line. I hurried into the street, where I read the proclamations of the president addressed "to Frenchmen and to the army," which I sent you by last steamer, and which I hope you have received. All Paris was in a state of excitement. The Place de la Madeleine, Rue de la Concorde, and Place de la Concorde were filled with troops, the president's palace surrounded with them and defended with cannon; the president had dissolved the Assembly, the chamber of which was occupied and guarded with troops. All prominent points were defended, and every street and square filled with crowds of people. Aides-de-camp were riding about with orders, and the predominant cry was "Il a bien fait." I went all over the whole, conversed with the middle classes, the lower and the soldiers, and was convinced the great majority thought well of the movement, and that the army would be firm and devoted. About one hundred and twenty of the representatives attempted to hold a meeting in several places, but were dispersed; finally, however, they were successful, and were going on swimmingly, impeaching the president, removing the minister of war, &c., when a company of soldiers appeared at the door, and ordered them to disperse at once, or they would be imprisoned.

The president of the meeting commenced an address to the soldiers, telling them they would never dare to arrest representatives, &c., when the officer in command took off his hat very politely, and told him he would only have to say another word to be satisfied on the point; whereupon he ceased. But they refused to disperse—upon which they were marched to prison. Through the whole day Paris was in a state of great excitement, but no emeute was attempted. The night was quiet. Wednesday morning I went to the Chamber of Deputies, which I found filled with troops—the flag at half-mast, and the steps covered with straw upon which the troops had bivouacked. I then went to the Elysée, where the president lives, where I found a regiment of the line encamped, and a regiment of artillery at a little distance, with twenty cannon—the horses attached, the matches burning, and all ready to "go off" at the word of command. Two regiments of

cavalry were in marching order in the Champs Elysee, and all strong points were guarded. I then went into the lower portions of the city, in the midst of the worst classes, and here I saw preparations for resistance. The clubs were moving—the blouses were out in force, and, in reply to my questions, they told me to *wait until to-morrow*. I went out in the evening with S., and, after returning, took another turn through the city. Things looked very serious. Barricades were being erected—the streets were crowded—orators were trying to inflame the people. One barricade had been attacked by the troops, carried, and two representatives killed while defending it at the head of the vilest of the Parisian populace. The rioters were bearing about the corpses upon a bier lighted by torches, and trying with the sight to inflame the people against the president and his course. I heard loud cries of "Vive la Republique!" "A bas le treflateur," "Vive Cavaignac!" &c., all convincing me there would be bloody work the next day. Tired, and a little anxious, I returned home, after having been in many positions you would not much have liked to have seen me in. Still the troops were kept quiet. All, however, was ready for action when the time should come.

And the next day, Thursday, it did come with a vengeance! How, with a wearied pen and but little time, can I give you an idea even of its events and its horrors! I remained at home until about twelve, writing to my friend L—, of New York, and sending you some papers, about which time Mr. and Mrs. D. called for us to go down to the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. W. were, upon the boulevard, and from which we could see everything that was going on in that central quarter. I remonstrated against S— going, believing it extremely dangerous, but was over-persuaded, and we started. When half-way there we were met by a rush of people, which drove us from the boulevard down into the rue Basse du Rempart; still we kept on, and after great difficulty got to the hotel. The boulevards were jammed with people—spectators, the curious, the idle, and the rioters, but not a soldier was to be seen. We went into W.'s parlor looking upon the boulevard, found them at home, and on going upon the balcony what a scene met our eyes! The boulevard upon which we were looking, is a street wide as four Washington streets, and on each side magnificent houses and stores, from six to eight stories high. From the balcony we could see up to the Madeleine and down nearly to the Porte St. Denis. When we first went out the boulevard was one mass of people, among which the blouses predominated. The street and sidewalks were crowded, and all in a greater or less state of excitement. At Porte St. Denis immense barricades were erected across the boulevards, composed of overturned carriages, carts, and paving stones—three in number, and the first twenty feet high. Very soon, looking up the boulevards, we saw appearing round the corner of the Madeleine the head of a column of infantry, at least thirty wide, occupying the whole width of the boulevards, and slowly and steadily facing the people upon the sidewalks and down the cross streets. On each side of them was an Indian file of riflemen, who walked upon the curbstone, and kept the people, once forced upon the sidewalk, from returning into the street. The first body of infantry could not have been less than three thousand. Between each regiment of infantry was a regiment of artillery, with six guns all mounted, loaded, and with burning matches. Then came

a body of cuirassiers, with steel breast-plates and helmets, their horses rearing and champing, and shaking the earth with their tramp.

When opposite to us the infantry stopped, which caused all the body to stop, and such a magnificent sight I never witnessed. From the Madeleine to our hotel was one mass of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, occupying the whole of the immense street solidly, and the wide sidewalks jammed with frightened and revolutionary crowds, hooting, shouting, and struggling as though not a soldier was near. Bear in mind, proclamations had been issued, telling well-disposed people to remain at home, and that all found resisting, defending barricades, or with arms, would be shot! Well, the head of the infantry halted opposite our hotel; there was seen appearing from the rue de la Paix a second body of the line, which divided, one half taking each sidewalk and marching down by the side of the troops who occupied the boulevards; forcing all the people down the side streets. Soon both sides were occupied to our hotel, so that the boulevard and sidewalks were one solid mass of troops for a mile. Whilst clearing the sidewalk directly opposite our hotel, some resistance was made, and some of the crowd were very impudent, and one resisted and struck at an officer. A cuirassier on horseback immediately leaped his horse on the sidewalk and struck at the man with his lance, and, upon his striking the horse, it fell, throwing his rider, who, upon recovering himself, thrust the man through and through with his lance, and he fell right before our eyes!

Well, all cleared from the Madeleine to our hotel, the head of the column commenced moving again, and the first regiments of infantry and artillery moved on to the Porte St. Denis and other quarters to attack the various barricades. All the troops between the rue de la Paix and our hotel passed on—the troops above the rue de la Paix remaining stationary—so that now we were between two immense forces, the boulevards being perfectly clear and still as the desert. As soon as the echo of the moving forces had died away, the remaining force started from above, headed with artillery, and came slowly on. At this moment I noticed many people in the windows of the Café Cardinal, and some with blouses, which caused me to watch them. There was also a large crowd in the rue Richelieu, who had forced themselves half way across the boulevard, the first body of troops having passed, and they appeared very threatening. Slowly and calmly the second force came on. They passed our hotel, then approached the Café Cardinal. The artillery passed, but when the last gun had got by, and the cavalry were fairly in front—my God! what a scene! Every window poured death and destruction upon them. Shots were dealt them also from the roof—from the crowd in the rue Richelieu—in fine, from all points. I saw many a gap made, saddles emptied, and it seemed for one second the first squadron would be annihilated! But only one second. They retreated to our hotel, and then charged, horse and foot, upon the crowd! That volley of musketry, from a thousand men! it seemed as though it would never end!

Before this all but D. and I had retreated into the hotel, but I remained in the balcony fascinated! Would I could depict that scene—the brilliant flashes of guns and pistols from windows, roofs, and streets—the long, rolling, rattling fire of musketry, and, when all was ended here, the deep



booming of cannon, at the Porte St. Denis, announcing the attack upon the barricades! Then I ran—bullets were flying, some even entered the hotel—and the soldiers were looking suspiciously at every window, pistol in hand, and pointed to keep people away from them. We were for a time much alarmed, and closed windows and curtains. Then came up an order from a general to open wide windows, blinds and all—as they wanted to know where their enemies were. This we did, and then retreated to the back part of the room, having piled up chairs and sofas as a barricade. There we were—could not get home or move until eight o'clock in the evening. Though the battle opposite, which we saw, continued but a few moments, it lasted below and in other quarters all the rest of the day. If I could only have got out, I would not have cared; but to be shut up there while such scenes were going on—amidst the roaring of cannon, rattling of musketry, rushing of cavalry, and a thousand rumors—was nearly too much for me. About eight we crept silently into the street and started, against remonstrances of the frightened concierge, and threading our way through the troops, arrived safely home. Safe, I started out alone, and wandered about two hours—saw a barricade built in the rue St. Honore, and gallantly carried by the troops, after firing but one volley—and saw also many of the dead.

About 3 P. M. a crowd of some fifty, some of them rioters and others curious spectators, got jammed between two forces of troops upon the boulevards. While in this position the rioters, like *crazy men*, fired upon the troops. A whole regiment levelled their muskets and shot down *every man, rioters and all*, since they were mixed up together. One man, by a miracle, stood erect after that fearful volley, when a soldier stepped out from the ranks and shot him dead with a pistol. At a house on the Boulevard Pissoniere, a man stood with the door open a crack, looking through it; a portion of the crowd, retreating from the soldiers, made a rush against the door and forced it open, and, as the soldiers approached, two of the men who had forced their way in fired upon them, killing two; whereupon the troops, exasperated, cried out, "Behold a nest of the rascals!" and, beating down the door, killed nearly all who had entered, including the owner of the house, who was perfectly innocent. Three cannon played away nearly opposite us, taking the boulevards at an angle, (if I may so express it,) completely tearing off a large portion of the stone front of a magnificent block, a half mile below. But if I attempt to write you incidents, I shall write all night. Several wounded and dead were admitted into Mr. W—'s, and he counted twenty-five dead piled up near his house alone. I understand a Boston man was killed, and another American, whom I know, had his middle finger shot off, and, while he was shaking it from the agony, another ball fractured his leg badly and knocked him into the gutter, and there he lay an hour before he was picked up and carried home. Colonel S—, of New York, and wife, live on the Boulevard Montmartre, and they were in great danger.

Their windows were all driven in, I hear, with balls, and they thought the floor, for the time, a very nice place. The loss of life must have been very great, though no one will ever know how great. None but government papers are allowed to be published, and the government try to make very light of the affair. The general opinion is

that at least one thousand were killed. From the French and English papers you cannot get a correct idea of the day, since most of the truth is suppressed and the rest softened. Friday, every point in Paris was occupied with troops and cannon—the troops amounting, it is said, to 100,000. You can imagine the appearance of the city! One does not often see such a sight in a life-time. Not a person was allowed to stand still *one* moment; all were kept moving; and *three* times I had a pistol pointed at my head, with the order, "Move on."

Towards evening two barricades were built and knocked to pieces with cannon. Saturday and yesterday the city was quiet, though filled with crowds; the troops were kept in readiness; to-day it seems perfectly quiet. The troops have voted, and almost universally, for Napoleon. The general elections take place from the 14th to the 21st, when, I have no doubt, he will be elected president for ten years, by a tremendous majority—that is, if he is alive; I would bet five hundred dollars he is a dead man in less than three months, if he exposes himself *at all*. In this case God only knows what would happen. My opinion is he will be elected by a tremendous majority; should he not be, or should he have but a majority, say of half a million, I shall expect trouble again.

Let him get fairly seated, farewell for a long time to the hopes of all other parties. Therefore all, if they can have the least show, will unite for one final, desperate struggle. All unite in saying Bonaparte has shown the greatest talent, wisdom, courage and skill. It was admirably done, and against such cunning and strong plotters! He seems to have foreseen and provided against every contingency, and when I saw him on horseback, two hours after he had published his proclamations and taken the leap, there was a calm, quiet, determined and triumphant expression on his face I shall never forget. It was an exceedingly bold undertaking; but he is a fatalist, and December 2d was the anniversary of the crowning of his uncle and the battle of Austerlitz.

From Punch.

#### JACK FROST.

BESIDE the year's dark portal  
Jack Frost hath the porter's chair,  
And closely he scans each mortal  
Who seeketh entrance there;  
Well-fed, well-clad, to dinner  
In wealth unquestioned goes;  
But your poor and shivering sinner  
He taketh by the nose.

With a grasp, as of a giant,  
He will nip you an army dead;  
With a hand as a lady's pliant,  
He will weave you a tiny thread.  
Oh bitter 's the curse he mutters,  
As through the street he roams,  
And through chinks of close-barred shutters,  
Hears mirth in fire-lit homes.

Then, from such doorways turning,  
He seeks the poor man's hearth,  
Whereon no fire is burning,  
And chills his winter mirth;  
But hard though the old boy's heart is,  
He hath a social soul,  
And he gives his winter parties  
For a dance about the Pole.

From Chambers' Journal.

## WHAT TO DO IN THE MEANTIME?

It has been frequently remarked by a philosopher of our acquaintance, whose only fault is impracticability, that in life there is but one real difficulty; this is simply—what to do in the meantime? The thesis requires no demonstration. It comes home to the experience of every man who hears it uttered. From the chimney-pots to the cellars of society, great and small, scholars and clowns, all classes of struggling humanity are painfully alive to its truth.

The men to whom the question is preëminently embarrassing are those who have either pecuniary expectancies or possess talents of some particular kind, on whose recognition by others their material prosperity depends. It may be laid down as a general axiom, in such cases, that the worst thing a man can do is to *wait*, and the best thing he can do is to *work*; that is to say, that in nine cases out of ten, doing something has a great advantage over doing nothing. Such an assertion would appear a mere obvious truism, and one requiring neither proof nor illustration, were it not grievously palpable to the student of the great book of life—the unwritten biographical dictionary of the world—that an opposite system is too often preferred and adopted by the unfortunate victims of this “condition-of-everybody question,” so clearly proposed, and in countless instances so inefficiently and indefinitely answered.

To multiply dismal examples of such sad cases of people ruined, starved, and in a variety of ways fearfully embarrassed and tormented during the process of expectation, by the policy of cowardly sloth or feeble hesitation, might indeed “point a moral,” but would scarcely “adorn a tale.” It is doubtless an advantage to know how to avoid errors, but it is decidedly a much greater advantage to learn practical truth. We shall, therefore, leave the dark side of the argument with full confidence to the memories, experience, and imaginations of our readers, and dwell rather—as both a more salutary and interesting consideration—on the brighter side, in cases of successful repartee to the grand query, which our limited personal observation has enabled us to collect. Besides, there is nothing attractive or exciting about intellectual inertia. The contrast between active resistance and passive endurance is that between a machine at rest and a machine in motion. Who that has visited the Great Exhibition can have failed to remark the difference of interest aroused in the two cases? What else causes the perambulating dealer in artificial spiders suspended from threads to command so great a patronage from the juvenile population of Paris and London? What else constitutes the superiority of an advertising van over a stationary poster? What sells Alexandre Dumas' novels, and makes a balloon ascent such a favorite spectacle? “Work, man!” said the philosopher; “hast thou not all eternity to rest in?” And to *work*, according to Mill's “Political Economy,” is to *move*; therefore perpetual motion is the great ideal problem of mechanicians.

The first case in our museum is that of a German officer. He was sent to the coast of Africa on an exploring expedition, through the agency of the *parti prêtre*, or Jesuit party in France, with whose machinations against Louis Philippe's government he had become accidentally acquainted. The Jesuits, finding him opposed to their plans, determined to remove him from the scene of action. In conse-

quence of this determination, it so happened that the captain of the vessel in which he went out set sail one fine morning, leaving our friend on shore to the society and care of the native negro population. His black acquaintances for some time treated him with marked civility; but as the return of the ship became more and more problematical, familiarity began to breed its usual progeny, and the unhappy German found himself in a most painful position. Hitherto he had not been treated with actual disrespect; but when King Bocca-Bocca one day cut him in the most unequivocal manner, he found himself so utterly neglected, that the sensation of being a nobody—a nobody too amongst niggers!—for the moment completely overcame him. A feeble ray of hope was excited shortly afterwards in his despondent heart by a hint gathered from the signs made by the negro in whose hut he lived, that a project was entertained in high quarters of giving him a coat of lamp-black, and selling him as a slave; but this idea was abandoned by its originators, possibly for want of opportunity to carry it out. Now our adventurer had observed that so long as he had a charge of gunpowder left to give away, the black men had almost worshipped him as an incarnation of the Mumbo-Jumbo adored by their fathers. Reflecting on this, it occurred to him that if, by any possibility, he could contrive to manufacture a fresh supply of the valued commodity, his fortunes would be comparatively secure.

No sooner had this idea arisen in his brain, than, with prodigious perseverance, he proceeded to work towards its realization. The worst of it was, that he knew the native names neither of charcoal, sulphur, nor nitre. No matter; his stern volition was proof against all difficulties. Having once conveyed his design to the negroes, he found them eager to assist him, though, as difficulty after difficulty arose, it required all the confidence of courage and hopeful energy to control their savage impatience. The first batch was a failure, and it was only by pretending that it was yet unfinished he was enabled to try a second, in which he triumphed over all obstacles. When the negroes had really loaded their muskets with his powder, and fired them off in celebration of the event, they indeed revered the stranger as a superior and marvellous being. For nearly eighteen months the German remained on the coast. It was a port rarely visited, and the negroes would not allow him to make any attempt to travel to a more frequented place. Thus he continued to make gunpowder for his barbarous friends, and to live, according to their notions, “like a prince;” for to do King Bocca-Bocca justice, when he learned our friend's value, he treated him like a man and a brother. What might have been his fate had he awaited in idle despondency the arrival of a vessel? As it was, the negroes crowded the beach, and fired off repeated salvos at his departure. Doubtless his name will descend through many a dusky generation as the teacher of that art which they still practise, carrying on a lucrative commerce in gunpowder with the neighboring tribes. A small square chest of gold-dust, which the escaped victim of Jesuit fraud brought back to Europe, was no inappropriate proof of the policy of doing something “in the meantime,” while waiting, however anxiously, to do something else.

We knew another case in point, also connected with the late king of the French. M. de G— was, on the downfall of that monarch, in possession of a very handsome pension for past services. The revolution came, and his pension was suspended.

His wife was a woman of energy; she saw that the pension might be recovered by making proper representations in the right quarters; but she also saw that ruinous embarrassment and debt might accrue in the interim. Her house was handsomely furnished—she had been brought up in the lap of wealth and luxury. She did not hesitate; she turned her house into a lodging-house, sank the pride of rank, attended to all the duties of such a station, and—what was the result? When, at the end of three years, M. de G— recovered his pension, he owed nobody a farthing, and the arrears sufficed to dower one of his daughters about to marry a gentleman of large fortune, who had become acquainted with her by lodging in their house. Mme. de G—'s fashionable friends thought her conduct very shocking. But what might have become of the family in three years of petitioning?

Again; one of our most intimate acquaintance was an English gentleman, who, having left the army at the instance of a rich father-in-law, had the misfortune subsequently to offend the irascible old gentleman so utterly, that the latter suddenly withdrew his allowance of £1000 per annum, and left our friend to shift for himself. His own means, never very great, were entirely exhausted. He knew too well the impracticable temper of his father-in-law to waste time in attempting to soften him. He also knew that by his wife's settlement he should be rich at the death of the old man, who had already passed his seventieth year. He could not borrow money, for he had been severely wounded in Syria, and the insurance-offices refused him; but he felt a spring of life and youth within him that mocked their calculations. He took things cheerfully, and resolved to work for his living. He answered unnumbered advertisements, and made incessant applications for all sorts of situations. At length matters came to a crisis; his money was nearly gone; time pressed; his wife and child must be supported. A seat—not in parliament, but on the box of an omnibus was offered him. He accepted it. The pay was equivalent to three guineas a week. It was hard work, but he stuck to it manfully. Not unfrequently it was his lot to drive gentlemen who had dined at his table and drunk his wine in former days. He never blushed at their recognition; he thought working easier than begging. For nearly ten years he endured all the ups and downs of omnibus life. At last the tough old father-in-law, who, during the whole interval, had never relented, died; and our hero came into the possession of some £1500 a year, which he enjoys at this present moment. Suppose he had borrowed and drawn bills instead of working during those ten years, as many have done who had expectancies before them, where would he have been on his exit from the Queen's Bench at the expiration of the period? In the hands of the Philistines, or of the Jews?

Our next specimen is that of a now successful author, who, owing to the peculiarity of his style, fell, notwithstanding a rather dashing *début*, into great difficulty and distress. His family withdrew all support, because he abandoned the more regular prospects of the legal profession for the more ambitious but less certain career of literature. He felt that he had the stuff in him to make a popular writer; but he was also compelled to admit that popularity was not in his case to be the work of a day. The *res angusta domi* grew closer and closer; and though not objecting to dispense with the supposed necessity of dining, he felt that bread and

cheese, in the literal acceptance of the term, were really indispensable to existence. Hence, one day, he invested his solitary half-crown in the printing of a hundred cards, announcing that at the "classical and commercial day-school of Mr. —, &c., young gentlemen were instructed in all the branches, &c., for the moderate sum of two shillings weekly." These cards he distributed by the agency of the milkman in the suburban and somewhat poor neighborhood, in which he occupied a couple of rooms at the moderate rent of seven shillings weekly. It was not long before a few pupils made, one by one, their appearance at the would-be pedagogue's. As they were mostly the sons of petty tradesmen round about, he raised no objection to taking out their schooling in kind, and by this means earned at least a subsistence till more prosperous times arrived, and publishers discovered his latent merits. But for this device, he might not improbably have shared the fate of Chatterton and others, less unscrupulous as to a resource for the "meantime"—that rock on which so many an embryo genius founders.

The misfortune of our next case was, not that he abandoned the law, but that the law abandoned him. He was a solicitor in a country town, where the people were either so little inclined to litigation, or so happy in not finding cause for it, that he failed from sheer want of clients, and, as a natural consequence, betook himself to the metropolis—that Mecca *cum* Medina of all desperate pilgrims in search of fickle fortune. There his only available friend was a pastrycook in a large way of business. It so happened that the man of tarts and jellies was precisely at that epoch in want of a foreman and book-keeper, his last prime minister having emigrated to America with a view to a more independent career. Our ex-lawyer, feeling the consumption of tarts to be more immediately certain than the demand for writs, proposed, to his friend's amazement, for the vacant post; and so well did he fill it, that in a few years he had saved enough of money to start again in his old profession. The pastrycook and his friends became clients, and he is at present a thriving attorney in Lincoln's Inn, none the worse a lawyer for practical knowledge of the *pâtés* filled by those oysters whose shells are the proverbial heritage of his patrons.

A still more singular resource was that of a young gentleman, of no particular profession, who, having disposed somehow or other in unprofitable speculations of a very moderate inheritance, found himself what is technically termed "on his beam-ends;" so much so, indeed, that his condition gradually came to verge on positive destitution; and he sat disconsolately in a little garret one morning, quite at his wits' end for the means of contriving what Goethe facetiously called "the delightful habit of existing." Turning over his scanty remains of clothes and other possessions, in the vain hope of lighting upon something of a marketable character, he suddenly took up a sheet of card-board which in happier days he had destined for the sketches at which he was an indifferent adept. He had evidently formed a plan, however absurd; that was plain from the odd smile which irradiated his features. He descended the stairs to borrow of his landlady—what? A shilling?—By no means. A needle and thread, and a pair of scissors. Then he took out his box of water-colors and set to work. To design a picture?—Not a bit of it; to make dancing-dolls!—Yes, the man without a profession had found a trade. By the

time it was dusk he had made several figures with movable legs and arms; one bore a rude resemblance to Napoleon; another, with scarcely excusable license, represented the pope; a third held the very devil up to ridicule; and a fourth bore a hideous resemblance to the grim king of terrors himself! They were but rude productions as works of art; but there was a spirit and expression about them that toyshops rarely exhibit. The ingenious manufacturer then sallied forth with his merchandise. Within an hour afterwards he might have been seen driving a bargain with a vagrant dealer in "odd notions," as the Yankees would call them. It is unnecessary to pursue our artist through all his industrial progress. Enough that he is now one of the most successful theatrical machinists, and in the possession of a wife, a house, and a comfortable income. He, too, had prospects, and he still has them—as far off as ever. Fortunately for him, he "prospected" on his own account, and found a "diggins."

There is always something to be done if people will only set about finding it out, and the chances are ever in favor of activity. Whatever brings a man in contact with his fellows may lead to fortune. Every day brings new opportunities to the social worker; and no man, if he has once seriously considered the subject, need ever be at a loss as to what to do in the meantime. Volition is primitive motion, and where there is a will there is a way.

From Household Words.

#### WHAT CHRISTMAS IS, AS WE GROW OLDER.

TIME was, with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all so soon! when our thoughts overleaped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fulness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters in law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes! Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our late rival, present in the company, then and there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story,

which subsisted until death? Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know, now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that *that* Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable mile-stone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear reader, on Christmas Day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for, who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth?

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands. Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth,

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us! Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and, for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness. Before this boy, there stretches out a future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of time to shear away the curls of our first love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see home fairly written. Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young; other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children, not yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, everything! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's



face! By Christmas Day we do forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day, we shut out nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas Day, we will shut out from our fireside, nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast city where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe! Not the shadow of the City of the Dead!"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that city upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor mis-shapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore we commit his body to the deep!" and so consigned him to the lonely ocean and sailed on. Or there was another, who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time?

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent city. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise forever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us! Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places

in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out nothing!

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapelessly-diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth. In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the Household Gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances; and of the history that reunited even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

From the Independent.

#### PROFESSOR STUART.

THE Boston papers of Monday evening brought intelligence of the death of this excellent and honored man. He died on Sunday, the 4th Jan., at his residence in Andover, of influenza; having reached the seventy-second year of his age. In a note received from him a few weeks since he made no allusion to recent or extraordinary illness, and we therefore presume that the attack which has thus resulted in his death was brief and severe.

Prof. Stuart was born at Wilton, Conn., in March, 1780; was graduated at Yale College in 1799; was afterwards tutor for two years in that Institution; he studied law, but abandoned that profession for that of the ministry, and in 1806 was ordained pastor of the Centre Church in New Haven; and in 1810, after a pastorate of four years, was transferred to the chair of Sacred Literature at Andover, which he actively filled till 1848, when he resigned.

There are hundreds of our readers to whom the announcement of his death will come like tidings of personal bereavement; who will feel a sensible shock of the heart in the knowledge that their beloved teacher, their honored, faithful and generous friend, with whose words and whose spirit their best culture is associated, has gone from the world to return never-more; that they shall not see him again until the resurrection. It was characteristic of Prof. Stuart—and it showed the innate nobleness and gentleness of the man, as well as the work of God's Spirit upon his heart—that those who least agreed with him in opinion, those who dissented even violently sometimes from his favorite views, yet never failed to respect and love him. The man was greater and better than his opinions. His opinions changed; but his worth was permanent. There dwelt in him the native royalty of meekness, gentleness, dignity, self-reliance, the capacity for self-sacrifice, and an absolutely transparent frankness of character. He was not a system-maker, though he accepted systems of belief and opinion with readiness and enthusiasm; he reached into them, indeed, through the natural

processes of his own discursive and eager mind. But he had an inward truth of heart, a thorough nobleness and generosity of nature, a guileless simplicity and sincerity of mind, which made him beloved, almost above all other teachers, by those who knew him. Few sights have been to us more affecting than the general and spontaneous burst of acclamation, transcending all so-called "proprieties," and uttering itself in instant clapping and cheers, with which his tall and wasted form was greeted by the men whom he had instructed—men many of them eminent now in station and influence—when he met them at the meeting of the Alumni at Andover a few years since. It was the inevitable homage of the heart to one who, though sometimes abrupt in language, was always cordial and generous at heart; and who, though not always implicitly to be followed, was always sincere, self-devoted, believing.

The writings of Prof. Stuart have been many and valuable. They are standards in every clerical library, and so it is scarcely necessary to recount them. His letters to Dr. Channing, on the doctrine of the Trinity, published in the thick of the Unitarian controversy, made an impression on the popular religious mind which almost no other strictly biblical argument has for many years approached. His treatises on interpretation, and his aids of grammars, etc., to its successful prosecution, his several learned, devout, and Christian commentaries, his sermons and articles, of which a great number have been published—these remain as memorials of him to us, and as witnesses of him to our children. Their value is of course various; yet almost all of them have done a good work in their day, and many of them will remain to constitute abiding and fruitful additions to the sum of modern Christian literature. We believe that the time draws near when the admirable qualities of his great Commentary on the Apocalypse—a work which has had but limited circulation, but upon which he had perhaps expended more labor than upon any other, and which, in our judgment, more fully rewards the study of the diligent than any half-dozen treatises besides on the Mystery of the Revelation—will be generally appreciated; and when he who hath been called by the voice that called John to "come up hither," to look upon the sea of glass, and hear the voice of harpers harping with their harps, will be accepted among ministers as having unrolled more clearly and broadly than any other that magnificent scenery of seals and trumpets, and opened vials, which shed its splendors on the solitudes of Patmos. The deficiencies of Prof. Stuart's mind are as apparent in his commentaries as anywhere else. His want of that faculty of rigorous and exact logic which some men possess, led him to hold principles sometimes in a rather indeterminate and shifting way, and to apply them with a variable and uncertain method; so that one could not always be sure that the same interpretation would recur a year afterwards that had been urgently maintained a year before. Timorous minds, who looked for rules rather than principles, and who more desired precise information on special points than general stimulus and enlargement of thought, were sometimes repulsed from the professor by this. But the rare and great excellencies of his mind and heart were as well expressed in these favorite works. The essential fairness, which gave to every objection or difficulty its true and just weight, and which never crushed a doubt to preserve the concinnity and pro-

portion of systems; the love of the truth, which let no passage pass till its import was explored, any more than the botanist lets flowers pass uncomprehended within his system; the affluent and abounding memory, which stored the resources of various knowledge, and brought them forth in exhaustless abundance; these, and that truly earnest and filial temper, which ever acknowledged dependence on God and Christ for light—have made his commentaries very precious to his students; will make them precious, for long, to the churches. The very simplicity and frankness of his self-estimation, justified as this almost always was by his really superior attainment and insight, and revealed with naïve unconsciousness in his writings, will have a pleasant though sad attraction for those who knew him.

A great and good man has passed away in this lamented, though long expected and lingering, death; a man whose genuine virtue death but sanctifies, endearing it to us. The ardor of discussion pauses sharply before the grave. Those heats of feeling which controversy may have generated melt into a still milder and more regretful tenderness, as we meditate on the excellence which death renders lustrous. And it may well make heaven more lovely to us, as we remember how many are yearly and monthly passing thither; to lose all errors beneath the blaze of God's truth; to drop every temptation with the body which is dissolved; to be purged of all frailty in the fulness of the manifestation of the Divine Love; to unfold every grace and to perfect all knowledge, in the serene and perfect glory which spreads forever overhead. To that great company may God bring us, in his good time! S.

From the Tribune.

#### ON THE ARRIVAL OF KOSSUTH.

ONCE in an Age a mind appears  
That seems by will of Heaven ordained  
To gather in the thoughts of years,  
And show to man what Man has gained.  
And be he Martyr at the stake,  
Or Hero on the well-fought field,  
Millions do battle for his sake,  
And know not to retreat or yield;  
But, gaining on the Future still,  
Old errors fall before their way,  
Like clouds before the sun, until  
The morning broadens into day.  
Such was our Washington, who stood  
Before mankind with purpose high,  
And showed them how to carve the Good  
From forth the Age then rolling by.  
Since his, no name in patriot ranks  
Hath shone with milder, steadier ray,  
Nor more deserves the bondman's thanks  
That his, who is our guest to-day.  
A welcome, then, from our free land  
Unto the Magyar, tried and true!  
Though foiled himself, the work he planned  
The Future yet shall carry through!

H. CHILTON.

New York, 1851.

SOME men possess means that are great, but fritter them away in the execution of conceptions that are little; and there are others who can form great conceptions, but who attempt to carry them into execution with little means. These two descriptions of men might succeed if united, but, as they are usually kept asunder by jealousy, both fail.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE THOMAS  
BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THIS celebrated essayist, orator, poet, and historian, is the eldest son of the late Zachary Macaulay, the early and veteran laborer for the abolition of Negro slavery. Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800. He received his early education at home under a private tutor, and then read for some years under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Preston, at Shelford, near Cambridge.

In 1818 he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired high distinction as a classical scholar; and where he established a still higher reputation among his contemporaries for his oratory in their debating societies, for his ample acquirements in modern history and literature, and for the general brilliancy of his conversational powers. He gained one of the Craven University Scholarships in 1822, and won a Fellowship of Trinity in 1824.

His earliest speech in public was delivered in that year. It was on a subject, on which he may be said to have had an hereditary right to shine. He first came forward as a supporter of one of the resolutions moved at an Anti-Slavery meeting in London. It is remarkable that this was the first and almost the last public speech which he ever made out of Parliament, except those delivered by him on the hustings.

Some passages of this his first public address have been preserved in the memories of those who heard it, and one passage may be cited as peculiarly characteristic of the style of imagery by which both his oratory and his writings have ever been distinguished. After a fervent description of the misery and degradation of the West Indian slaves at the time when he was speaking, he addressed himself to the future, and—"He anticipated the day when the Negro, then crouching beneath the lash, should walk with brow erect from the field which was his freehold, to the house which was his castle."

Many of the earliest productions of Mr. Macaulay's pen appeared in "Charles Knight's Quarterly." There are several historical ballads written in youth by the future author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which earned a more enduring celebrity than is generally accorded to the poetry of magazines and reviews. Two of these, "The Armada," and "The Battle of Ivry," have been republished by the author together with "The Lays of Ancient Rome," in the later editions of that work. They well deserve the honor. The description in "The Armada" of the transmission by the beacon fires throughout England of the news of the approach of the Spanish fleet, is full of the martial spirit of *Æschylus*; and may stand comparison with its prototype, the celebrated passage in "The Agamemnon," that paints the chain of fire-signals from Mount Ida to Argus, which announced to Clytemnestra the fall of Troy. The prowess of the chivalrous Henri Quatre is glowingly placed before us in the ballad on the Battle of Ivry. Probably the study of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, which appeared about the time when he was at Cambridge, may have done much towards leading Macaulay to compose these much admired stanzas. Not that he is a mere imitator of the Spanish martial romances. He adds elements that are all his own. He has a power of grouping and

concentrating images, and of portraying masses, and the movements of masses, which cannot be found in the Spanish Romances, who deal chiefly with the passions, and the deeds of individuals.

The foundation of Mr. Macaulay's fame as a prose writer was laid by his essay on Milton, which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" in 1825; and was followed by other contributions to that periodical during the succeeding twenty-two years. When, in 1843, Mr. Macaulay published a collection of these papers, he spoke, in the preface to it, of the criticism on Milton, as "written when the author was fresh from college, and containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved," and as "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." Authors are seldom good judges of their own works; and we totally except to Mr. Macaulay's condemnation of this long celebrated essay. Had it been so faulty as he now represents it to be, it never would have pleased the taste of one so classically correct as Jeffrey, or have been admitted into the pages of the *Edinburgh* while under the management of that great critic. We will take Jeffrey's judgment in preference to Macaulay's, when Macaulay himself is in question, and unhesitatingly profess our belief that the paper on Milton stands deservedly first in the volumes of critical and historical essays with which Mr. Macaulay has enriched our literature.

This collection of essays is so well known, both in England and in Anglo-America, that any detailed comment upon it would be superfluous. Perhaps the single paper in which most originality and vigor of thought are displayed, is that on Machiavelli. The author's marvellous power of bringing gorgeous groups of imagery together, and of concentrating the striking points of long historic annals into a single page, is most remarkably shown in the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, which ought to be read together, as forming one magnificent picture of the leading characters and decisive scenes in Anglo-Indian history, during its most eventful period. The description of the trial of Warren Hastings surpasses any other scene of the kind, with which we are acquainted in either ancient or modern literature; and nothing can be more artistic than the solemn pathos of the conclusion, where, after the mind has been excited by the fierce vicissitudes of the strife of statesmen, we are dismissed with a majestic allusion to "that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, the great Abbey, which has, during so many ages, afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall."

Mr. Macaulay has, himself, borne no mean part among "the chiefs of the eloquent war." He entered Parliament in 1831, as member for Calne, under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne; and rapidly signalized himself in the debates that accompanied the introduction of the first Reform Bill. We will quote a portion of his first speech, in which the reader will observe the same characteristics which have marked his writings.

"We talk of the wisdom of our ancestors—and in one respect, at least, they were wiser than we. They legislated for their own times. They looked at the England which was before them. They did not think it necessary to give twice as many members to York as they gave to London, because York had been the capital of England in the time of

Constantius Chlorus. And they would have been amazed indeed, if they had foreseen that a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants would be left without representatives in the nineteenth century, merely because it stood on ground which, in the thirteenth century, had been occupied by a few huts. They framed a representative system, which was not, indeed, without defects and irregularities, but which was well adapted to the state of England in their time. But a great revolution took place. The character of the old corporations changed; new forms of property came into existence—new portions of society rose into importance. There were in our rural districts rich cultivators who were not freeholders. There were in our capital rich traders, who were not liverymen. Towns shrank into villages. Villages swelled into cities larger than the London of the Plantagenets. Unhappily, while the natural growth of society went on, the artificial polity continued unchanged. The ancient form of representation remained, and precisely because the form remained, the spirit departed. Then came that pressure almost to bursting—the new wine in the old bottles—the new people under the old institutions. It is now time for us to pay a decent, a rational, a manly reverence to our ancestors—not by superstitiously adhering to what they, under other circumstances, did—but by doing what they, in our circumstances, would have done. All history is full of revolutions, produced by causes similar to those which are now operating in England. A portion of the community, which had been of no account, expands and becomes strong. It demands a place in the system, suited, not to its former weakness, but to its present power. If this is granted, all is well. If this is refused, then comes the struggle between the young energy of one class, and the ancient privileges of another. Such was the struggle between the plebeians and the patricians of Rome! Such was the struggle of the Italian allies for admission to the full rights of Roman citizens. Such was the struggle of our North American colonists against the mother country. Such was the struggle which the *Tiers Etat* of France maintained against the aristocracy of birth. Such was the struggle which the Catholics of Ireland maintained against the aristocracy of creed. Such is the struggle which the free people of color in Jamaica are now maintaining against the aristocracy of skin. Such, finally, is the struggle which the middle classes in England are maintaining against the aristocracy of mere locality; against the aristocracy, the principle of which is, to invest one hundred drunken pot-wallopers in one place, or the owner of a ruined hovel in another, with powers which are withheld from cities renowned to the furthest ends of the earth, for the marvels of their wealth, and of their industry.”

“My hon. friend, the member for the University of Oxford, tells us, that if we pass this law, England will soon be a republic. The reformed House of Commons will, according to him, before it has sat ten years, depose the king, and expel the lords from their house. Sir, if my hon. friend could prove this, he would have succeeded in bringing an argument for democracy, infinitely stronger than any that is to be found in the works of Paine. His proposition is, in fact, this—that our monarchical and aristocratical institutions have no hold on the public mind of England; that those insti-

tutions are regarded with aversion by a decided majority of the middle class. This, sir, I say, is plainly deducible from his proposition; for he tells us that the representatives of the middle class will inevitably abolish royalty and nobility within ten years; and there is surely no reason to think that the representatives of the middle class will be more inclined to a democratic revolution than their constituents. Now, sir, if I were convinced that the great body of the middle class in England look with aversion on monarchy and aristocracy, I should be forced, much against my will, to come to this conclusion, that monarchical and aristocratical institutions are unsuited to this country. Monarchy and aristocracy, valuable and useful as I think them, are still valuable and useful as means, and not as ends. The end of government is the happiness of the people; and I do not conceive that, in a country like this, the happiness of the people can be promoted by a form of government in which the middle classes place no confidence, and which exists only because the middle have no organ by which to make their sentiments known.”

He was equally conspicuous by the fearlessness and brilliancy of his oratory in support of the second Reform Bill, in the next session. Perhaps his sense of the perilous excitement of that crisis can best be expressed by quoting a passage from one of his essays, where he is evidently referring to the reform agitation of 1831–32.

“There are terrible conjunctures when the discontents of a nation, not light and capricious discontents, but discontents that have been steadily increasing during a long series of years, have attained their full maturity. The discerning few predict the approach of these conjunctures, but predict in vain. To the many the evil season comes as a total eclipse of the sun at noon comes to a people of savages. Society, which but a short time before was in a state of perfect repose, is on a sudden agitated with the most fearful convulsions, and seems to be on the verge of dissolution; and the rulers who, till the mischief was beyond the reach of all ordinary remedies, had never bestowed one thought on its existence, stand bewildered and panic-stricken, without hope or resource, in the midst of the confusion. One such conjuncture this generation has seen. God grant that we may never see another!”

When the Reform Bill was carried, Mr. Macaulay shared in the full harvest of popularity which, for a time, was enjoyed by the whigs. He was chosen by the populous and important town of Leeds to be one of its representatives in the Parliament of 1833; but, fortunately for him, he was now withdrawn for a time from the great arena of English politics, in consequence of his accepting an important appointment in India.

By the act which renewed the East India Company's charter in 1833, a commission was appointed to inquire into and amend the laws of that country; and Mr. Macaulay was placed at its head. His career in India was honorably marked by earnest and enlightened industry; and in particular he deserves high credit for the independence and courage which he displayed respecting one of the reforms which he introduced. We allude to the celebrated XIth Article of the Legislative Council, which placed all the subjects of the British crown in India on a footing of equality in the eye of the law, without respect to their being of European or of Asiatic birth. The exasperated Anglo-Indians



called this the Black Act; and loud and long were the protests and complaints transmitted to England against this levelling of the dominant race with the native population in the administration of justice. Mr. Macaulay was unmoved by either clamor or obloquy. And he replied to the attacks of his numerous foes by a state paper, which is justly regarded as one of the ablest of the many able documents which have appeared from Indian officials.

We have said that Mr. Macaulay's Indian appointment was a fortunate event for him; and we meant to style it so, not merely on account of its lucrative character, but because it saved Mr. Macaulay from sharing in the decline and fall of whig popularity, which took place during the five years that followed the passing of the Reform Bill. Mr. Macaulay only returned from India in time to participate in some of the final struggles of Lord Melbourne's ministry. In 1839 he joined the cabinet as secretary at war, and made several vigorous oratorical charges against the powerful enemy that was pressing hard on the retreating whigs. In particular, his speech on the 29th of January, 1840, in the debate on the vote of want of confidence in the ministry, was marked with all his fire; and the passage of it in which he reminded his then adversary, Sir James Graham, of their former joint triumphs during the reform struggle, is one of the finest that he ever uttered. After the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office, Mr. Macaulay was one of the most effective speakers on the opposition side of the House; but he did not suffer party spirit to lead him into blind and indiscriminating animosity against the victorious rivals of his whig friends; and his conduct on one memorable occasion during this period is deserving of the highest honor. We allude to his speech in favor of the increased grant to Maynooth, when proposed by the Peel ministry in 1845. Of course we are passing no opinion of our own as to the policy or impolicy of Maynooth's endowments. We merely say that Mr. Macaulay, being conscientiously convinced that such an endowment was proper, acted most honorably in supporting it; though he knew that the people of Edinburgh (which city he then represented in the House) were fanatically opposed to it, though it was brought forward by the men who had bitterly reviled Mr. Macaulay's own party for favoring the Irish Catholics, and though there was a tempting opportunity for revenge, by combining with the ultra-Protestants headed by Sir Robert Inglis in the house, so as to leave the ministry in the minority.

Mr. Macaulay took little part in the Corn-Law debates. He had spoken in 1842, on Mr. Villiers' motion in favor of the principle of Free Trade, but against any sudden withdrawal of the protection, which the agricultural interest had so long enjoyed. He refused to countenance the agitation of the Anti-Corn-Law League; and probably this increased the disfavor which his Maynooth speech had already procured for him with his Edinburgh constituents.

He lost his election in 1846; an event which, however much we may admire him as a statesman, we can hardly regret, inasmuch as it obtained for him the leisure requisite for the composition of his *Opus Magnum*, his *History of England*.

Before, however, we speak of this, we must remind our readers of the glorious "Lays of Ancient Rome," which Mr. Macaulay gave the world in 1842, while still keenly bent on his parliamentary career. This book interested the scholar by

the magnificent illustration which it gave of the intrinsic probability of Niebuhr's theory as to the origin of the current early history of Rome. It gratified and served the historian by its admirable introductory comments; and by its interspersed epitomes of some of the most stirring crises in the fortunes of the great republic. But, above all, it has delighted hundreds of thousands, who were neither scholars nor historians, by the glowing spirit of true poetry which animates it in every line.

These "Lays" show in meridian fulness the powers of objectivity, of which the early ballads of Mr. Macaulay gave promise. The rush of heady combat—the mustering, the march, the chivalrous aspects, the picturesque garbs, and the bold gestures and words, and bolder deeds of warriors are brought with Homeric expressiveness before us. The descriptions of scenery, also, are beautifully given. But Mr. Macaulay shows little subjective power. He is comparatively weak, when he introduces single characters expressing their passions and feelings in the present tense and first person. This is particularly apparent in the *Third Lay*, which tells of *Virginius*,

Who wrote his daughter's honor in her blood,

to adopt the noble line in which Mr. Warren, in his "Lily and Bee," sums up that far-famed legend.

Mr. Macaulay's retirement from Parliament secured for him those two years of lettered ease, without which, as he rightly considered, no man can do justice to himself or the public as a writer of history.\* The first fruits of that leisure were the first two volumes of his "History of England," which appeared in the autumn of 1848. We trust that many more are destined to follow. It would be unwarrantable in us to criticize the portion we possess, with such scant space at our command as the conclusion of this memoir can afford. The public of England and America have pronounced a verdict of enthusiastic approbation, to which individual critics could add little weight, and from which (even if we were so minded) we could detract still less. If we were to express a wish as to any change in the fashion of the work, it would be that passages of repose should be more frequently introduced. A history ought not to be a continuous excitement.

Upon Mr. Macaulay's features, as represented in the accompanying portrait,

The seal of Middle Age  
Hath scarce been set,

and we hope that a long career of active glory is still before him. But even if he were doomed to rest upon his present intellectual achievements, his name would rank among the highest of the nineteenth century. His works are read and admired wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has spread over the Old World and the New, and their fame will last as long as the language of that race endures.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

THE silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

THERE is always more error in hatred than in love.

\* See his advice to Sir James Stephens, cited in the preface to that gentleman's "Lecture on French History."

From the Examiner, 27th Dec., 1851.

### THE MOCKERY.

EVERY one foreknew that the election in France would be a mockery, a sham—that there could be no such thing as a free choice in a country half of which is declared in a state of siege, and all of which is under the sway of terror—in which the press exists only as the instrument of the usurper's figments and decrees—in which any one obnoxious to the government may be shipped off to Algeria or Cayenne, on an easy pretext which there is no opportunity of denying and disputing; and if this was not enough to compel the desired suffrage, it was certain that M. Bonaparte's creatures would not scruple to suppress any inconvenient number of adverse votes, or to supply any insufficient number of assents. The thing was as certain as the turning up of the cogged die. Yet such is the marvellous force of the illusion of the scene, often talked of, never felt in the theatre, but witnessed really for the first time in this drama, that sober witnesses who perfectly well know how the piece is got up, and how the parts are dressed up, ordered, and played, nevertheless gravely discuss the turn of events as if there were reality in them, and find something staggering in such an array of votes on behalf of the usurper, and reason upon it as if upon a substantial evidence of opinion! Why, what in the world did they expect? Did they suppose that M. Bonaparte would throw away by honesty all that he had played for by force and fraud? Did they imagine that the gamester's last cast for all, double or quits, would be fairer than that for the first stake? And if it could be conceived that his scruples would begin with the climax of temptation, and that after having swallowed the camel of perjury, lawless violence, and massacre, he would strain at the gnat of a trick the more with bits of paper, was it not certain that his obsequious tools employed in the scrutiny of the ballot would bid for his favor by accommodating the returns to their patron's wishes? Every provincial mayor knows that his favor with the new government depends upon the proper adjustment of the proportions of ayes and noes. The means are easy, the scrutineers of the ballot have the power all in their own hands, and can create affirmatives or cancel negatives at pleasure. Who can, who dares, question them? What appeal is there, what fate for complainants but Algiers or Cayenne at the mildest? And already several districts have been pointed out in which the rule that two negatives make an affirmative is said to have been acted on with arithmetical strictness. But what of that? there is no remedy.

The thing has, however, on the whole, been well done—that is, the sham has been well shammed. It has not been overdone, which would have spoiled all. Probability has been kept in view, nay, so much truth permitted as is the necessary basis of successful falsehood. The returns for Paris are probably not very far from the truth, and we are rather surprised at the liberality of M. Bonaparte in allowing the noes to amount to so high and important a number as 80,000. But it is politic, for it gives color to the departmental returns which tell so largely in his favor, and it is in effect yielding an inch to take an ell.

But with an honest election, if an honest election could have been possible in such circumstances, would he have had a majority? We believe he would, though perhaps but a bare one, insufficient to support his position. Repose, grim as it is, is

sought on any terms by the bourgeoisie, who would compound for any state of things offering the prospect of an interval in which they may turn the penny. The till is at the bottom of the acceptance of this revolution. The calculation is as false as the motive is selfish and abject. Trade and tyranny cannot be coupled; and of all forms of government a military despotism newly established, with its numerous tools clamoring for reward, is the most expensive in its direct demands, and also most detrimental in its indirect influence on the relations of commerce.

France for the moment is cowed. The *spectre rouge* has done its work. For fear of the Socialists, a present evil is compounded for without regard to what it must grow into, unless its development be estopped by another revolution. This libicide from the fear of anarchy is of an irrationality hardly allowing of serious remark, and calls to mind, as most expressive of the absurdity, the distich in the old Irish song on the miracles of St. Patrick:

The beasts committed suicide,  
To save themselves from slaughter.

And just in proportion as M. Bonaparte advances towards the attainment of his object, we see the *spectre rouge* gradually fading away, a dissolving phantom. It may be said that he threw the stone and the giant died, but was the *coup d'état* necessary to that effect? If socialism could be crushed so promptly and easily by the army, apart from all the legal powers and parties of the country, how much more easily it could have been dealt with by the same armed force, allied with law and the supporters of law and order, throughout the length and breadth of France. The army would not have been the less effective for being the weapon of the law and the shield of the constitution, instead of the instrument of illegal violence to both and all. But the pretence of a conspiracy and a necessity for vigor beyond law is the old expedient in all crimes of this class.

The president and Assembly were in the position towards each other of Caracalla and Geta, the rival partners of power in the Roman empire. "It was visible," says Gibbon, "that one only could reign, and that the other must fall; and each of them, judging of his rival's design by his own, guarded his life with the most jealous vigilance."

Caracalla on a 2d December compassed the assassination of his brother, and, "with hasty steps and horror in his countenance, ran to the Prætorian camp as his only refuge, and threw himself on the ground before the tutelary deities. In broken and disordered words he informed the soldiers of his imminent danger and fortunate escape, insinuating that he had prevented the designs of his enemy."

Large donatives purchased the acquiescence and obedience of the army, and a frightful proscription of all enemies, real or suspected, followed, amongst whom was the celebrated Papinian, who, in answer to a requisition for an apology for Caracalla's crime, nobly answered that "it was easier to commit than to justify a parricide"—a sentiment which does not appear to be acknowledged by some writers in this country as to the libicide in France. To complete the parallel, Caracalla had his model, and the very model whom Napoleon himself delighted to approach in his exploits, Alexander the Great; but Caracalla only succeeded in resembling Alexander in murder, and nothing else.

The prudence of the maxim, the bird in hand worth two in the bush, is singularly reversed by a

part of the French people, who prefer an evil in hand to one the egg only of which was reported to be hatching in the bush. How wisely advises Milton,

Be not over exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils.

But not only have we seen the fashion of uncertain evils cast beforehand, but a present exchange in substantial certain evil accepted for them, the prompt payment, ready money of mischief.

M. de Cassagnac has published an account of the proceedings on the night of the 2d December, which he affirms to have surpassed the 18th Brumaire in difficulty, cleverness, and grandeur. The 18th Brumaire was indeed a tame affair compared with it. On the 18th Brumaire, when it was proposed to stop the communications through Paris, Napoleon desired that nothing of the sort might be done, that everything should be left in the ordinary course, for, said he, the people will be with me, and why should I meddle with them, or derange their convenience? M. Bonaparte had no such reliance, and could practice no such forebearances.

Sheridan and Tickell were in the habit of playing outrageous practical jokes upon each other. In a country house at which they were staying on a visit, Tickell laid an ambush for Sheridan in a dark passage, which he planted with knife-blades and fork-prongs. Sheridan, decoyed into the snare, fell, and got cut and pierced in several places. He rushed into the drawing-room, streaming with blood, and vowed vengeance against Tickell for so cruel and wicked a trick upon him, winding up his threats and execrations with these words, delivered with genuine enthusiasm, "But it was admirably done!"

And the same sort of praise may be assigned to the 2d December, *only* setting aside the wickedness. Atrocious acts may be cleverly executed; there have been assassinations evincing great skill in contrivance, the Mannings, for example, which has several features of similarity to the 2d December; the artful preparation, and the grave under the table, with the hospitable invitation, so like the smiling reception at the Elysée on the night of the 1st.

M. de Cassagnac shows with great particularity the extreme cleverness with which eighteen members of parliament were taken out of their beds and bundled off to jail, in violation of the law. It is impossible not to smile at the account of the capture of M. Thiers, found "reposing behind scarlet damask curtains lined with white muslin, and with a white nightcap drawn over his eyes."

M. Thiers comported himself on this trying occasion like Jean Ben St. André in Canning's *Anti-Jacobin*. He argued the matter with the officer,

Quoted Wickfort and Puffendorf and Grotius,  
And proved from Vattel  
Most exceedingly well  
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

'T would have moved a Christian's bowels  
To have heard the doubts he stated,  
But the huissier did  
As he was bid,  
And captured him while he prated.

It must be a comfort, however, to M. Thiers to find that his own principles and precepts have been strictly observed in this *coup d'état*; indeed, M. Bonaparte has been his pupil, and has acted in exact accordance with his lessons. For example, M.

Thiers, in his account of the 18th Brumaire, says Siéyès wished to arrest in the night several members of the Assembly, but Bonaparte disapproved of the proposal, and had to repent of it. Now M. Bonaparte the second has taken care on the present occasion not to have this cause of repentance, as M. Thiers has felt in his own person. Again, M. Thiers derides the idea of legality in the sequences of revolution, declares that it is not under the shelter of legal power that parties can be brought together to submit themselves and repose, and that to repress and amalgamate the military rule is essential. So says M. Bonaparte now out of M. Thiers' book, and he affords M. Thiers both the thesis and the leisure for another history of another revolution, and probably of another empire. Of a truth M. Thiers has had an apt scholar.

The second act of the drama is now over. M. Bonaparte has obtained the show of national sanction for his acts, and the show of recognition of his authority must be rendered in return.

The part of this country is clearly non-interference with the internal affairs of France, and acceptance of any settlement of the government without scrutiny of its origin, or of the method, however fraudulent, by which the arrangement may have been effected. The moral judgment upon the actions of the last month is a matter quite apart from the international relations, and the terms upon which intercourse must be held between the governments of this country and of France. Cordiality cannot be, and quarrel must not be. Both are to be deprecated. It is for the sense of honor and the prudence of our government to find the middle point between the two.

From the Examiner, 27th Dec., 1851.

#### LORD PALMERSTON'S RESIGNATION.

It is easier to say what is *not* to be thought than what is to be thought of Lord Palmerston's resignation, imperfectly informed of the causes as we are, and shall be, till the parliamentary explanations.

It is not to be thought that any concession is made to the personal enmity of despotic powers. It is not to be thought that there is any trucking, crouching, or base propitiatory sacrifice. It is not to be thought that England strikes or shifts the colors of her liberal flag. It is not to be thought that the change of a single minister involves the change of a single principle. It is not to be thought that our foreign policy will undergo any alteration in any essential of substance and affinities.

It is only to be thought that the queen's government has lost the services of an administrator, of abilities recognized and admired by all, friend and foe alike, combining qualifications seldom united in the same man—application, industry the most patient and laborious—debating powers the most varied and the most brilliant—temper imperturbable, courage dauntless, withal forbearant and generous in all his superiorities. Amongst his opponents he had no enemy. Sir Robert Peel, in the last speech he made, which was in opposition to his policy, cordially expressed the general feeling in the words, "We are all proud of him."

It is not for us to pronounce him faultless, for we have had occasion to dispute the justice and wisdom of his policy in several instances, especially the Syrian question; but when Lord Palmerston did what was wrong according to our views, we had to

confess that he did the wrong thing with consummate address, and the evil consequences, the prospect of which made us tremble, were escaped, though by a hair's breadth. We still think, however, that the success, barren enough in itself, was not worth the risk.

As an administrator, Lord Palmerston, with rare merits, seems to have had one not inconsiderable fault—he could keep anything and everything and everybody well in hand, except himself. His own jockeyship ran him often out of the course. The desk was his place of peril, his pen ran away with him. His speech never made an enemy, his writing has left many festering sores. The charm of manner and urbanity which so served him in Parliament and society was sometimes wanting on paper, and good counsels were dashed with asperity. The fault was probably unconscious. Lord Palmerston had become so familiar with the power of England he had so long wielded, that he was possibly not always sensible of the weight with which words fell from his high position. Certain it is that his best friends and admirers have often wished that the manner of his correspondence had been as clear of objection as the matter and object.

Few men acceding to power have been greeted with so general an expression of admiration as has followed Lord Palmerston's retirement. Few rising suns have been more gloriously painted than his setting sun. His old opponent, the *Times*, has paid the handsomest and most eloquent tribute to many of his high qualities.

After having stood his ground against many a fierce party onset, after having triumphed in many a pitched battle, this veteran statesman founders in the recess, like the Royal George in harbor.

That the rupture at this particular juncture is peculiarly unlucky, to say the least, every one must feel, inasmuch as the absolute powers will construe it in a way highly satisfactory to themselves, but little honorable to the spirit and consistency of England's councils.

The cause assigned by general rumor we cannot affect to discredit, astounding and incredible as it may appear, namely, that Lord Palmerston, heretofore the staunch champion of liberty in every part of the world, has given the sanction of his approbation and enthusiastic admiration to the treacherous overthrow of the French constitution and the establishment of a military despotism. If this be the fact, and unhappily we have no reason to doubt it, it is another illustration of the hackneyed truth, *quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. Many extraordinary changes we have seen in men, but none to compare with this; for of all the sympathies with despotism this is the most foul, strange, and unnatural, as we have seen the immediate hideous generation of the thing—the congress of death in sin—in treachery the most revolting to every sense of honor, and lawless violence the most repugnant to every sentiment of humanity. The *Times* states:

Lord Palmerston's opinion, as expressed by the morning journal which is his exclusive organ, was that of unbounded approbation and admiration for a successful *coup-d'état* that annihilated the liberties of France; the opinion of the cabinet is said to have been one of regret at a change which transferred the French people from constitutional government to military absolutism. The former opinion expressed itself in terms of highflown commendation; the latter, though not unfriendly to France under any form of government, was disposed to adopt a tone of greater reserve, caution, and expectancy. We ourselves have

traced in our correspondence from Paris the existence at the same moment of these two distinct and inconsistent lines of policy. The communications described the other day by our Paris correspondent as having been made by a member of the British government to a personage of note at the Elysée, were strictly authentic. Their existence was denied by the organ of the Foreign Office, probably because they had not emanated from that department. Those communications expressed, we believe, the settled views of the first minister and his administration; but, by a singularity which we would hope to be unexampled in diplomacy, they did not correspond with the missives and instructions of the foreign minister. In short, the discrepancy of opinion which appears to have manifested itself on this occasion is said to have been followed by a divergence of action, which may have amounted to what is gently termed insubordination.

If this be so, the feeling of the public will generally be,

Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.

The appointment of Lord Granville to the Foreign Office is a guarantee for the liberal tenor of the foreign policy. Lord Granville has not been long prominently before the public, but in a short time he has made great progress in public favor, and that not by any showy qualities, but by the thoroughly workmanlike method of performing his business. Whatever he has had to do, he has done well, and some of his tasks have demanded much industry, sound judgment, and the faculty of interpreting facts. Whatever subject he has handled, he has shown a perfect mastery of it, and he communicates his ideas with the simplicity which is the true medium for solidity, and which is more impressive than any rhetoric art, when the thoughts or facts presented are of intrinsic worth. As a man of business, too, Lord Granville has proved his efficiency; he is acknowledged to be accessible, assiduous, patient in hearing and investigating, and kind without the fault of assentation, mannering whatever he has to do gently, yet firmly. With these qualities, and a right English liberal spirit, he cannot but do well.

From the Examiner, 27th Dec., 1851.

#### A "SUCCESSFUL" DESPOTISM.

THERE is a continental despotism apparently much flushed with success just at present, which has been keeping an English ambassador for more than two months cooling his heels in its official ante-chambers, and from which may shortly be expected a song of triumph over the supposed fall of that English minister whom it has honored by its peculiar animosity. Hatred has no discernments, and the thanksgiving will not be less triumphant because every note of it is false. For how can Prince Schwarzenberg be expected to believe that his most inveterate antagonist among European statesmen has fallen in the very act of sympathizing with that overthrow of the liberties of a neighboring nation which had made his own heart leap with joy?

Now it strikes us that the time may not be inapt for a brief exposition of the present claim of the Austrian government to any kind of respect or praise. There are few persons now in England, we believe, and certainly not one public journal, shameless enough to defend the morality of the Schwarzenberg policy. But there are still some who fancy it has been *successful*, and who are contented to rest on success for the esteem of the



world. Let us see if we cannot disabuse them of this extraordinary mistake. Let us see whether, if one man's faults and the iniquities of a particular system could justify mistakes and shortcomings in an opposite direction, the conduct of Prince Schwarzenberg and the fatal policy he is now pursuing in Austria would not amply justify M. Kossuth's hatred of Austrian connection, and his claim for independence and a democratic republic.

And first for his German policy. The German policy of Prince Schwarzenberg is generally considered his master-piece. He is supposed to have reestablished the supremacy of Austria in Germany. Yet, so far from this, he has simply aided Russia in establishing a Russian supremacy not only over Germany, but over Austria also. It is true that Prussia has been forced to abandon, one by one, her ambitious schemes for obtaining the supreme power in North Germany; and equally true it is, that a number of small states whom she had collected round her have been again set free, and that, instead of German parliaments at Frankfurt or Erfurt, we have again the old confederation, with its impracticable laws and its capacity for nothing but obstruction and delay. But who has profited by this? It was Russia, not Austria, who had most need to fear the formation of a strong liberal and Protestant power in the north of Germany; and it was to break the heart of that power she promised to occupy Hungary and interfere in Italy, should Austria require her aid. How she succeeded, every one knows.

So with other evidences of Austrian triumph which we see daily pointed to in proof of the firm establishment of her power. It is true that Austrian troops now occupy Flensburg and Hamburg, and Holstein is to have the benefit of Austrian interference to protect it from Danish liberalism. It is true that Austrian troops have reinstated the hated prince of Hesse Cassel on his throne, and left a recollection of their own brutality among the people which will not soon be forgotten. But it is also notorious that not one of these steps was taken without the advice and permission of the Emperor of Russia; and if such are Prince Schwarzenberg's triumphs, we are free to grant them at once, only greatly differing in our estimation of their value, and doubting much if future historians will find in them much matter for laudation.

But what of the new Germany that was promised to the world—what of the new German confederation? Why, in all the schemes of the Austrian ministry (and they have been fertile in abortions) for that reconstitution of Germany, for the creation of new institutions, or even a reform of the old, we find not a trace of success. We remember hearing of a Four Kings' League, which expired in its very birth. Then, on another occasion, mysterious hints were spread about, that as Holstein declined to become Danish, Austria would induce Denmark to become German; but as Russia shook her head at this nonsense, nothing more was said about it. Again, for two whole years, all the energy of the Schwarzenberg cabinet was devoted to obtain recognition and introduction for all the non-German States of Austria. But England and France openly protested against so gross a violation of the treaties of 1815; Prussia, while professing the greatest good-will to the scheme, quietly withdrew her Polish provinces, which during the revolution she had incorporated with the confederation, to take away any pretext for a similar claim on the part of Austria on that

score; and even Russia hinted pretty strongly that such plans had better be laid aside for the present. Of course Prince Schwarzenberg obeyed. Yet he continued to bluster about the matter, and protested he should resume the scheme at some future opportunity. Does he now fancy that the opportunity has come?

Even in what may be called his better inspirations a most evil fortune has followed this fated minister. The proposal for an Austrian German Customs' Union has utterly failed. Our readers know how earnestly we have advocated the formation of such a union in the interests of Germany as well as of Europe generally; but as yet the only result has been to induce Prussia to gain over Hanover to the Zollverein at some sacrifice, and to place Austria in the dilemma of allowing Prussia to extend her Customs' Union over all Germany, to the exclusion of Austria; or, should Austria gain over the southern states to her interest, of throwing the northern, bound hand and foot, into the arms of Prussia.

Has he succeeded better in his Eastern policy? If we look to Turkey we shall scarcely find more flattering results. The insolent and foolish demand for the detention of M. Kossuth, so gallantly refused by the sultan, has succeeded only in enabling the liberated Hungarian leader to excite against Austria the hatred and contempt of every land where opinion is free. The poor prince has fallen into sore fits of passion at this, yet has taken nothing by them. The angry threat which he indulged most loudly, to revenge himself by exciting troubles among the Slave populations of Turkey, was obliged to be given up by a direct refusal of support from his imperial master at St. Petersburg.

Of the policy of Austria in Italy, either in her own states or those of other princes, it is unnecessary even to speak. In the subject populations it has produced unmitigated hatreds, secret and unsparing exertions, and a resolved determination sooner or later to be free.

And now, if from all this we turn to the domestic affairs of this unhappy country, at the head of which is Dr. Bach, that worthy coadjutor of Prince Schwarzenberg, we find still more plainly indicated evidences of egregious and monstrous failure in the administration. After three years of continued labor, the laws are all provisional, every class is discontented, every interest suffering, and every capital in a state of siege. We need not repeat that a very democratic constitution was published by the emperor in 1849, and sworn to by the whole army, as well as by all the civil servants of the state; or that in 1851 this constitution was as cavalierly set aside, and the soldiers and civilians made to swear to a pure despotism. The country meanwhile is beggared and bankrupt. With a yearly deficit of enormous amount, and the necessity of maintaining an army which alone consumes almost its whole revenue, who can wonder that Austrian paper money is below par, or that it should be found impossible to obtain a loan in any market in Europe? Difficult is it to say, too, whether Dr. Bach's notable plan of regulating the exchange by punishing the speculator in gold and silver, has excited more indignation by its injustice, or ridicule by the extraordinary folly and ignorance it has exhibited in those who adopted it.

Such being the state of the Exchange, what shall we say of the press? In any country the state of the press is generally a pretty sure sign, if not of the success of a government, at least of its own

confidence in that success. We can all bear to have our plans discussed when we feel sure that they are right, or when we know that they are honest, and have therefore some chance of prevailing. The only newspapers of any talent or character in Austria have had their editors imprisoned, or banished, or forced to give up their occupations, or bound over not to oppose government, or bought over to their interests. The press throughout Austria is not now more free than throughout France. Austrian correspondents for foreign journals have been summarily arrested; Englishmen, without the shadow of a charge against them, have been escorted to the frontiers and turned out of the country. Persons are daily thrown into prison on the suspicion of political conspiracies, and the journals are forbidden even to announce the fact to the public.

Finally, we come to Hungary, and in Hungary we say, without the fear of contradiction, that the Austrian ministry are deliberately and most rapidly working out all M. Kossuth's plans for revolutionizing the empire. Misgovernment has now gone so far in Hungary that all government will soon become impossible. In spite of the care of the Austrian police that no Englishmen shall enter the country, and in spite of the refusal of passports for England to all Hungarians, not only have Englishmen found means to visit Pesth, but even Hungarians were not quite banished from the Exhibition; and from both parties we have received but one account of the state of affairs. The inhabitants, of every class and every nationality, are exasperated to the highest degree. So bitter is the hatred now felt to Austria, and so strong the desire to obtain relief, that should M. Kossuth or any one else call them to arms, there is little doubt but that they would rise to a man, however slight their chance of success.

Every class in Hungary, we have the best authority for saying, is now pervaded by this feeling—the peasant, the citizen, the magnate.

From the very first, as our readers know, the Austrian ministry could find no supporters among the nobles. The old Austrian or conservative party were as staunch in their opposition to the centralization of Dr. Bach as the most violent liberal; and unless the declaration of M. Kossuth in favor of a democratic republic should since have thrown some of the more timid ones into the arms of government, most assuredly they will continue so. The nobles are not only impoverished by the loss of a large portion of their property, as yet without indemnity; not only borne down by heavy taxes, and subject to exorbitant demands for the service of the army; but they are exposed to incessant personal annoyances, even more intolerable. The Hungarian has been hitherto as little exposed as the Englishman to the police system generally so common on the continent. His house was his castle. It is now daily invaded by *gendarmes*, who ask him questions of the most insulting kind, search his premises without offering either warrant or authority, and, if the slightest objection is made, arrest the objector without a moment's hesitation. The only way to exist in peace is by bribing the new magistrates, by bribing the *gendarmes*, by bribing everybody. A huge net of espionage and fraud at this moment overspreads the land.

The citizens of the large towns, many of whom are of German origin, and among whom the Austrian government formerly counted its best friends, are now become its most bitter foes. Their property is rendered insecure by the fluctuating state of the paper currency; the price of provisions is raised,

and trade impeded, by the new taxes on all articles of consumption; and they have suffered, more severely perhaps than any other class, from the insults and extortion of the Austrian soldiers quartered in their houses. The tales we have heard of the insolence and brutality offered to this class of Hungarians by the Austrian officers (who never can forget how thoroughly they were beaten the other day, or by whom) are almost incredible.

The peasants are no better contented than these other classes of their fellow-subjects; and now that they are entirely free from their landlords, there is nobody but the government on whom they can cast the blame of their misfortunes. Ignorant of their habits, of their feelings, and their wants that government has wounded all their prejudices, has neglected all their interests, and has imposed on them a series of such restrictions that they have come to hate the very name of Austria, on whose favors even they now look with continual suspicion, and regard rather as insults and injuries. A wretched fatality seems to have inspired every measure of the Austrian in Hungary. The introduction of a foreign police and foreign magistrates took away all respect for law or its administrators; a tax on articles of consumption, and the daily annoyance it produces, has to a degree without example irritated the Magyar, unaccustomed to such restraints; and at last the tax on the growth of tobacco has driven him to abandon the habit which had become to him a part of his existence, or has forced him to substitute for tobacco the dried leaves of trees. Men do not submit to these intolerable interferences without the resolve to free themselves sooner or later, not the less to be feared because cherished secretly. The whole country, said the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* on the 3d of this present December, quoting a well-informed traveller in Hungary with whom he had been conversing, "is one vast field of distress and discontent; and if the finance minister calculates on getting in the taxes which have been imposed, he is grievously mistaken."

With the different nationalities the Austrian government has been equally unfortunate. Even their old principle of "*divide et impera*," seems at last about to fail them. The various nations of Hungary are becoming convinced that in fighting against the Magyars they have been digging the grave of their own liberties. If not yet thoroughly united, it requires but another outbreak to make them so. We do not speak here of the Hungarian Germans, who were true to the national cause to a man; nor of the Slavacks, who, if somewhat inclined to neutrality in the last struggle, have, since its conclusion, always shown a leaning to the Magyar party. We speak of the Croats, the Serbs, the Wallacks, and the Military Borderers, who were once so fanatically excited against the Magyars, and who are now all equally discontented with Austria. The Croats and Serbs had been dreaming that they should form a united and independent Slave kingdom, but they find themselves, on waking, as much separated as ever; and, not only with their visions of domination vanished, but, along with these, the substantial privileges they had enjoyed under the Hungarians.

The Slave military borderers are not less indignant that no material relief should have been afforded to them. They see near them the peasant enjoying the full possession of his little farm, while they are themselves still submitted to the iron rule of military despotism.

Among the South Slavcs of Hungary, in like

manner, so great has been the change of feeling, that the constant complaint now heard among the leaders of the Illyrian or Panslave party is that all further interest in the success of their schemes has been lost among the people. They won't any longer even subscribe to the newspapers which these gentlemen patriotically publish for their enlightenment. Disgusted, in fact, by the falsehoods and knaveries of these leaders as well as by the treachery of Austria, they sigh for the return of that *Magyar* tyranny, of which they were unconscious and uncomplaining till designing men taught them the words. Accordingly, the last scheme of these men to keep up the dying flame of agitation, is the assembly of a Slave Congress at Agram, for the purpose of adopting one of the Slave languages; and they have suggested the *Russian*, as the common language of literature for all the Slave race. So much for Slave love of liberty!

The Wallacks are not a whit behind the rest of the population of Hungary in the matter of discontent. Though they are still allowed to plunder the property of the Magyar magnates unrestrained, (we heard of a case only the other day in which a Magyar noble, on complaining to the Austrian official of some very outrageous offence of these gentry, was told that he could offer him no protection, for the government had forbidden him to employ the military against the Wallacks, and he had no other power at his command)—yet so little do they find themselves bettered by the license, that they will obviously be the first to rise against their present masters. It is but a few weeks ago that a number of their priests and leaders were arrested in consequence of the discovery of their correspondence with the Wallachian Revolutionary Committee in Paris.

Such are the sad results which have been produced by sacrificing the feelings, wishes, and necessities of Hungary, all the recollections of its history, all the treaties of the nation, all the oaths of its sovereigns, to a phantom of despotic unity which every man who knows the country declares to be impossible. Prince Schwarzenberg thinks he can break the will of the Hungarians, and reduce them to tame submission. He will not see his error till it is too late. He will not see it till he has fully completed his preparation of a people, in whose hearts the love of monarchy has been perhaps more deeply grounded than among any other people in Europe. for a democratic republic, or for any other trial of government, no matter how dangerous, which shall promise a relief of any kind from the weight of misery and wrong that oppresses them.

In no exaggerated colors we have drawn this portrait of the "successful" system of Austria. If we needed a witness to its perfect verity we should call no enemy of Prince Schwarzenberg, but a sometime too partial friend. What say you, O Vienna correspondent of the *Times*?

If the youthful sovereign had an opportunity of hearing the plain unvarnished truth, he would learn that those around him are daily and hourly estranging from him the affections of even his most loyal subjects. There is already a vast difference between then and now! When Francis Joseph ascended the throne he was extremely popular, whereas now —. The fate of Austria is indeed sad. With all the elements for the formation of a most powerful, independent, and prosperous state, she has, by gross mismanagement and faithlessness, been reduced to what she now is.

Her rulers may boast of her diplomatic triumphs, and of her increased influence in Germany, but the truth cannot be concealed. She has fallen into the old slough. She is again a police state, and is, beside, reduced to the humiliating necessity of obeying the behests of Russia.

That was written from the Austrian capital on the 3d of December. Writing on the 17th of the same month, the news of the overthrow of the French constitution having meanwhile arrived, the same writer describes in the *Times* of last Tuesday the better prospects that are supposed to have dawned with that news over the palaces of Vienna.

As long as things were in suspense in France, the northern powers were unable to carry out their plans for bringing the continental nations as completely under the yoke as they were before the revolution of 1848, but now that the president has succeeded in establishing a military government, and all resistance appears impossible, the long cherished plan will soon be brought to light; it is entirely to abolish so-called constitutional government on the continent. From what I hear I am induced to believe that the northern powers will not rest until the Sardinian government has followed their example, and the liberal party in Switzerland has been crushed. In my letter of the 14th, I informed you that the band was occupied in preparing press-laws for Germany; and it is whispered that they will be so strikingly like those to be introduced in France, that the world will be induced to believe that they were cast in the same mould. The rise in the French funds has produced a very favorable effect on the Vienna Exchange, and "the bulls" cannot find words to express their admiration of Louis Napoleon's talent, judgment, and courage.

On such systems as the Austrian, the Bonaparte usurpation at once flashes comfort and hope; to such as the Belgian, the Swiss, the Piedmontese, it can carry only danger and despair. Seeing these things, who can doubt its character or its tendencies? And will it abate something of the exultation of Prince Schwarzenberg at the tidings now travelling to Vienna, to find that, whatever may be the loss lately fallen on our English Foreign Office, it has at least not gained in the direction of any increase of sympathy with "Louis Napoleon's talent, judgment, and courage."

From the Spectator.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK, ENDING DEC. 27.

"LORD PALMERSTON has ceased to be a member of her majesty's government." For this announcement the public were in some measure prepared, by the rumors of dissensions in the cabinet that have been current for a few weeks. There is no great mystery about the rupture. The story which would fasten it upon the personal animosity of the colonial secretary meets with little credence. What with the broken health of the home secretary, the proved incompetence of the chancellor of the exchequer, and the unpopular waywardness of the earl himself, the Greys have enough to do to keep their own ground.

The cause of the quarrel has this explanation. The foreign secretary had come to indulge his peculiarities to such an extent that his colleagues could no longer get on with him. Lord Palmerston has always been one of those men who engage in politics, as sportsmen follow the fox, more for the excitement of the chase than from earnest desire to attain the object in pursuit. As foreign

minister, he delighted in keeping controversies open, gratifying himself with the exercise and display of his own adroitness and resources. He had an unlucky turn for making his disputes with foreign ministers personal quarrels. Though it is not desirable that this country should be entangled in alliances with despotic powers, our necessary intercourse with all foreign governments should at least be civil and free from insult. Lord Palmerston sometimes forgot this rule. He repelled or discouraged any interference of his colleagues in his particular department; he refused to submit his policy to the discussion of the cabinet, and enforced the vaunted secrecy of diplomacy almost as rigidly against the statesmen with whom he was acting as the general public. To be held responsible for every eccentricity of the foreign secretary—to be obliged to approve and defend measures respecting which they had neither been forewarned nor consulted—was more than could be reasonably expected from his associates. Bad habits gain strength proverbially as men advance in years; and the complaint of colleagues, that Lord Palmerston's wilfulness had become of late quite ungovernable, has at least a semblance of probability.

The secession of the foreign secretary from office cannot fail, however, to be productive of grave consequences. With respect to domestic affairs, it is scarcely credible that the changes in the administration can stop there. Lord Palmerston is not the man to acquiesce quietly in a relegation to private life. He is eminently qualified to act the part of a parliamentary *frondeur*. There is no reason to believe that he has the powers required to strike out a useful line of policy, combine a party for its support, and form a strong government; but he has formidable abilities for attacking and annoying an incompetent ministry. As a watchful, acute, and relentless critic, his familiarity with the practical details of business will render him a dangerous occupant of the opposition benches. His antecedents, when last out of place, warrant the belief that he will not be scrupulous with regard to the weapons he employs. The unpatriotic eagerness with which he sought to thwart or embarrass the negotiations by which Lord Ashburton brought to a close that hurtful and protracted controversy with the United States, which Lord Palmerston himself had found so extremely complicated and threatening, and which he rendered still worse, is well remembered: the never-ending disparagement—"the Ashburton capitulation," and similar epithets of abuse—with which he assailed it; to crown all, the unprecedented identification of himself with those attacks by attending a dinner of the contributors to the newspaper which was for the time his obedient organ. Nor is Lord Palmerston likely to lack followers. His pleasing manners, and his adroitness in leading men to believe him zealous in a cause without committing himself by definite pledges, fit him to become the rallying-point of the most dissimilar and incongruous discontents. He is exactly the man to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm" of aimless agitation.

With respect to foreign affairs, their present critical aspect is sufficient to cause uneasiness on account of the uncertainty which must necessarily prevail respecting the competence and the tendencies of his successor, even to those who are well enough pleased to have got rid of Lord Palmerston. The comparatively little that is known of Lord Granville is favorable and promising. The mis-

givings expressed on account of his political inexperience, and his newness to the foreign department, are not without some countervailing suggestions. It has been too much the custom to talk and think of diplomacy as a mystery, a trick of trade, that can only be understood by the initiated. At the commencement of the American war of independence, the Deanses and Carmichaels, who were selected from among their fellow-citizens to negotiate with the powers of Europe, showed that common sense, distinct notions of what they would be at, and an earnest determination to accomplish their sincere aims, were quite enough to enable them to cope with the most veteran diplomatist. Indeed, it may be suspected, that the intimate acquaintance with the tracasseries and petty household intrigues of foreign states, which tempts to interference in their domestic affairs, is the reverse of a qualification for a good foreign minister. If the appointment of a statesman rather deficient in this branch of knowledge—more curious than useful—could have the effect of bringing our meddling with shabby foreign squabbles within narrower limits, the consummation would be one devoutly to be wished. Still, the extended sway of military despotism in Europe, and the natural and avowed jealousy with which England, as an asylum for political refugees of all opinions, is regarded by the great continental powers, "crave wary watching." The Foreign Office requires at this time a minister of rare singleness of purpose and cautious firmness; for, however sound in theory the doctrine that a premier ought to assert a preponderating voice in all departments of government, the personal disposition and habits of Lord John Russell hardly warrant a sanguine expectation that he will do so.

ONE of those feuds between employers and employed, which seem destined to recur at intervals, has broken out at Manchester, and threatens to draw other districts into its vortex. It is confined as yet to the engineers, mechanics, millwrights, and cognate occupations; but both masters and men have appealed to their professional brethren for support. At least, a delegation of masters from Manchester has met a conclave of London masters, and stated that their men were about to hold missionary meetings in Glasgow and other places.

It might be premature to express a positive opinion on the complaints of the men, who are in the present instance the aggressive parties—that is, the first to move. Past experience, however, has demonstrated that little is ever gained by such movements. The organized character which most branches of manufacturing industry have assumed in this country, renders it indeed difficult to say how the men can obtain redress when aggrieved by their employers except by combination; yet a review of all the more important strikes on record tells us, that the men, after subjecting themselves to much expense and suffering, have ended by accepting terms no better than they might have had at first, if as good. We do not say that masters are impeccable—we do not say that when they are in the wrong redress should not be sought; but we have a strong impression that strikes and combinations are not the means by which it can be effected. It is a pity that we have no institution in this country resembling the Councils of *Prud'hommes* in French manufacturing towns. The decisions of those Councils have authority conferred upon them



by law: the award of arbiters voluntarily chosen by masters and men in this country would have no such force. Yet prudent and conciliatory arbiters might succeed in bringing contending parties to a right understanding.

THE large majority by which the French people have consented to their president's application for a ten-years' lease of power completes the success of the coup d'état. Intimidation and manœuvring, undoubtedly, have helped to swell the majority; but it could not have been so large had there been any serious intention in the body of the nation to resist M. Bonaparte. This is not much to be wondered at. The philosopher of old declined to argue with a prince at the head of an army; much more may private citizens decline to vote against a man who has nearly half a million of soldiers at his disposal. The question submitted to the French people was, "Will you have this one man, or will you have anarchy and civil war?" It would have required very clear views of the true nature and importance of civil liberty, and very great courage, both moral and physical, to refuse a man who asked their submission in such terms. People at a distance can easily see that Esau has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, but it was not so easy for hungry Esau to take the same correct view of the consequences of his conduct.

It would be waste of time to canvass the probability or merits of the policy which the new dictator or lawgiver of France is said to contemplate. He is about to promulgate a constitution; but what is the worth of constitutions in a country where they are allowed to exist only so long as their authors can uphold them by the strong hand? or who believes that M. Bonaparte will show more respect for a constitution of his own making than he has shown for the one he swore to maintain, but which he has destroyed? He is master of France, and he will act towards the conquered country exactly as his desires dictate and his power enables him to do. At present he is busy buying as many supporters as he can; he is dealing out promotions and gratuities to the army; he is cutting out work for railway projectors and speculators; he (or the Bank of France for him) is affording increased accommodation to manufacturers and traders; he is devising employment for artists. To gratify as many individuals as possible, is his foremost care; his general policy in matters of finance, legislation, and administrative government are kept in a discreet obscurity.

The vote of the French electors, however obtained, entitles M. Bonaparte to a tolerance and recognition on the part of foreign governments, to which for the previous three weeks he had no claim. But it is impossible that even those despotic powers, to whom he must appear to be making common cause with them, can do otherwise than watch the new government of France with suspicion. Much more must this be the case with governments based upon the very principles which he has trodden under foot to establish his autocracy. Whatever professions may be made by the government of France, however specious the course it may at first pursue, its head has shown that no engagement however solemn can bind him a day longer than he deems it his personal interest to observe them.

THE opinions which the well-watched newspapers of Austria are allowed to express respecting

the Napoleonist coup d'état imply an inclination in the councils of Vienna to countenance the French ruler. The Prussian view of him appears to be more largely mingled with distrust and apprehension. This was to be expected. Prussia is essentially and entirely German; Austria is a compound of many nationalities. Prussia is in immediate contact with France; Austria is at a safe distance. Austria sees in the success of "Prince" Louis Napoleon the defeat of Democracy; Prussia remembers the Confederation of the Rhine, and the claims of France to have that river for a boundary. Austria is favorably influenced by the adhesion which the Ultramontane Romanist clergy have given to the French president; Prussia has not forgotten the annoyance she received from the intrigues of the Romish hierarchy in Westphalia. All the three government have, apparently, a common cause as against free institutions; but Prussia and France have rivalries and incompatible aims, while Austria and France can only have the more remote prospect of a possible collision in Italy. But even Austria, though less disposed than Prussia to be mistrustful of the French government, seems reluctant to place implicit confidence in its intentions. Strenuous efforts are made both at Vienna and Berlin to fill up the musters and perfect the discipline of their respective armies. At Mayence, which is garrisoned by the troops of both, the work of recruiting is prosecuted with great activity, and drills and reviews are the order of the day from dawn till sunset.

THE reception of Kossuth in the United States of America has, in point of popular display, been as cordial as it was in England. But his welcome by the "constituted authorities" has been rather cool. After sending a steam-frigate to convey him to their shores, they seem at a loss how to behave to him now that they have got him. The President tries to delegate to the Senate the exercise of national hospitality, and the Senate appears to have more than half a mind to return the task on the President's hands. At this Kossuth naturally feels disappointed: to his admirers in Philadelphia he has frankly declared, that if he had looked for such a reception from the government, he would not have gone to America. Party rivalries may have something to do with this cooling of enthusiasm in high quarters. The interchange of amenities between Kossuth and Mr. Walker at Southampton may be supposed likely to influence the results of the presidential election.

From the Spectator, 27th Dec., 1851.

#### WHAT IS A NUISANCE?

"QUODCUNQUE nocet"—whatever does harm—that is a "nuisance," philologically and philosophically; but technically and legally, personally and popularly, it is a different thing. Whatever I dislike seems to be the closest definition of a cognizable nuisance, and my right to abolish it is generally deemed to rest upon the principle of "first come first served." If the nuisance is first resident, I cannot drive it away, but must go myself. If I have got there first, I can send nuisance packing. That is, if I dislike nuisance; for it all depends upon that. The real mischief of the thing seems to be an irrelevant consideration.

If you were asked to give the most striking instance of a nuisance on a gigantic scale, probably you would point to Louis Napoleon—a violation

of decency, a public inconvenience, a fatal epidemic; he has not only murdered sleep, but has murdered trust in public men; he has invaded not only the streets, but the very parlors and bedrooms of peaceful obscure citizens, who had nothing to do with him; he has killed some two or three thousand of his countrymen, most of them quiet, harmless people. Yet he is not put down. On the contrary, his countrymen seem to like him. A fierce dog that flies at you, a burglar that breaks into a single house, a dust-heap that produces mortal disease, are nuisances; but a dog that flies at everybody all at once, a burglar that breaks into a whole city and many houses, a visitation that brings leaden pills home to every man's mouth—that is not felt to be a nuisance. Quite the reverse; it asks France if she likes it, and she votes "Oui!"

Yet we must not sneer at our neighbors, for we have our own caprices. A stagnant pool, that breeds corruption at a particular spot, we deem a nuisance; but a government that makes our whole public affairs stagnant, and facilitates the development of corruption as widely as a calm at sea—that we do not account a nuisance. Quite the contrary; it fits us as exactly as Prince Louis Napoleon fits the French. We do not, indeed, positively vote "Oui" for its indefinite continuance—the English are not fond of so much political trouble; but tacitly and negatively we are daily voting "Oui."

When the senses grow deadened to the perception of noxious odors and exhalations, it is a sign that life is declining, and that the organization is hardening to decay. Both England and France might be alarmed at their own toleration of nuisances. The contentment with inaction, the love of chattering after dinner, and then going to sleep after the twaddle, is a direct proof of superannuation; a proof daily furnished by the British public at the frequent dinner-parties which it gives to itself. In France, naked, barefaced selfishness, regardless of scruple, duty, or care for others, has set itself above all, and is the constituted authority, and France does not refuse to tolerate the abomination—does not dislike it.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE POISON-EATERS.

A VERY interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Mathew Wurzel, was a poison-eater or not, elicited some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr. T. von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of *hedri* from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their

dangerous enjoyment; one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exuberant health. Out of many examples I select the following:—

A farm-servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to — was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in the figure, rosy-cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity; she was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell of such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the deathbed that raises the veil from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better winded!"—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. The peasant R—, living in the parish of A—g, a strong, hale man of upwards of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children.

It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poison-

ing from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel-nut in India and Polynesia, and of the coca-tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with cases of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every-day occurrence among horse-dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage-horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic-feeding.\* It is a common practice with the farm-servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary "indulgences" in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison-eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid (vitriol) in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionary. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so

\* Arsenic produces an increased salivation.

certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a *blow*, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other fells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil, does no injury; but if the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and, perhaps, causes death.

But the misfortune is that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensation they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror alone remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison-symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it cannot be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. "I cannot drink now as formerly," is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, "I do not drink now as formerly." But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication, the *cidérant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arsenic-eating, we trust it will never be added to the madresses of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonizing of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice, without mentioning its shocking results.

From Dickens' "Christmas number of Household Words."

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Eve—and lonely,  
By a garret window high,  
Where the city chimneys barely  
Spared a hand's-breadth of the sky.  
Sat a child, in age—but weeping,  
With a face so small and thin,  
That it seemed too scant a record  
To have eight years traced therein.

Oh, grief looks most distorted  
When his hideous shadow lies  
On the clear and sunny life-stream  
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!  
But *her* eye was dull and sunken,  
And the whitened cheek was gaunt,  
And the blue veins on the forehead  
Were the pencilling of Want.

And she wept for years like jewels,  
Till the last year's bitter gall,  
Like the acid of the story,  
In itself had melted all;  
But the Christmas time returned,  
As an old friend, for whose eye  
She would take down all the pictures  
Sketched by faithful Memory.

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,  
When the joyous laugh went round;  
When sweet words of love and kindness  
Were no unfamiliar sound;  
When, lit by the log's red lustre,  
She her mother's face could see,  
And she rocked the cradle, sitting  
On her own twin-brother's knee;

Of her father's pleasant stories;  
Of the riddles and the rhymes,  
All the kisses and the presents  
That had marked those Christmas times.  
'Twas as well that there was no one  
(For it were a mocking strain)  
To wish *her* a merry Christmas,  
For *that* could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,  
When, in spite of love and faith,  
Grinding Poverty would only  
In the end give place to Death;  
How her mother grew heart-broken,  
When her toil-worn father died,  
Took her baby in her bosom,  
And was buried by his side:

How she clung unto her brother  
As the last spar from the wreck,  
But stern death had come between them  
While her arms were round his neck.  
There were *now* no living voices;  
And, if few hands offered bread,  
There were none to rest in blessing  
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,  
It was less of joy than fear;  
For they welcomed crime more warmly  
To the self-same room with her.  
But at length they all grew weary  
Of their sick and useless guest,  
She must try a workhouse welcome  
For the helpless and distressed.

But she prayed; and the Unsleeping  
In His ear that whisper caught;  
So he sent down Sleep, who gave her  
Such a respite as she sought;  
Drew the fair head to her bosom,  
Pressed the wetted eyelids close,  
And, with softly-falling kisses,  
Lulled her gently to repose.

Then she dreamed the angels, sweeping  
With their wings the sky aside,  
Raised her swiftly to the country  
Where the blessed ones abide;  
To a bower all flushed with beauty,  
By a shadowy arcade,  
Where a mellowness like moonlight  
By the Tree of Life was made:

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star-like,  
And pure flowers of fadeless dye  
Poured their fragrance on the waters  
That in crystal beds went by:  
Where bright hills of pearl and amber  
Closed the fair green valleys round,  
And, with rainbow light, but lasting,  
Were their glistening summits crowned.

Then, that distant-burning glory,  
'Mid a gorgeousness of light  
The long vista of Archangels  
Could scarce chasten to her sight.  
There sat *One*; and her heart told her  
'T was the same, who, for our sin,  
Was once born a little baby  
"In the stable of an inn."

There was music—oh, such music!  
They were trying the old strains  
That a certain group of shepherds  
Heard on old Judea's plains;  
But, when that divinest chorus  
To a softened trembling fell,  
Love's true ear discerned the voices,  
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grotto's entrance  
A fair child her eyes behold,  
With his ivory shoulders hidden  
'Neath his curls of living gold;  
And he asks them, "Is she coming?"  
But ere any one can speak,  
The white arms of her twin brother  
Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greeting;  
But she might have well denied  
That her beautiful young sister  
Is the poor, pale child that died;  
And the careful look hath vanished  
From her father's tearless face,  
And she does not know her mother  
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming  
Must she ever wake again,  
To the cold and cheerless contrast—  
To a life of lonely pain?  
But her Maker's sternest servant  
To her side on tiptoe stept;—  
Told his message in a whisper—  
And she stirred not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking  
With a dim, uncertain hue,  
And the chilling breeze of morning  
Came the broken window through;  
And the hair upon her forehead,  
Was it lifted by the blast,  
Or the brushing wings of seraphs,  
With their burden as they passed?

All the festive bells were chiming  
To the myriad hearts below;  
But that deep sleep still hung heavy  
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.  
To her quiet face the dream-light  
Had a lingering glory given;  
But the child herself was keeping  
Her Christmas-day in Heaven!